

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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They were burning in a dozen places. "Play the hose on me!" cried Fred through his trumpet. The hosemen immediately turned the nozzle in such a way as to throw a stream of water above him, so it would fall back upon him.

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FRED FLAME

THE HERO OF GREYSTONE, No. 1

By EX-FIRE CHIEF WARDEN

CHAPTER I.—The Burning Mill.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The great fire-bell pealed forth the alarm, and all Greystone stood still to count the number of the strokes.

Clang! Clang! Five strokes! It was in the Fifth District! Thousands rushed out of their houses and gazed in the direction of the lower end of Greystone. A dense volume of black smoke was ascending skyward from one of the great factories down by the river—the beautiful Susquehanna. People rushed in that direction with blanched faces and bated breaths. There were several large mills down there, and more than one-half the families in Greystone had one or more members at work in them. No wonder everybody rushed forward to see and render assistance to the imperiled operatives. A hoarse cry of horror went up from the crowd.

"It's the suspender works! God help the poor girls!"

Out of the two hundred hands employed there ninety per cent. were girls. The flames were spreading with terrible rapidity. Girls sprang out of the windows on the lower floors, and were caught in the arms of brave men who had rushed to the spot on the first alarm. At the upper windows others appeared, screaming for help, and a thousand throats yelled for ladders.

"Out of the way!" came in a thrilling trumpet-tone, as a fire engine dashed down the street and rushed round the corner nearest the burning building. "Out of the way. Clear the track!"

The dense mass of excited people surged to the right and left, leaving a passage for the engine and the brave firemen.

"Fred Flame! Fred Flame!" screamed a dozen girls at the third-story windows, as a handsome youth of nineteen or twenty years, in a fireman's hat and red shirt, dashed up at the head of the engine, trumpet in hand. "Save us! Save us!"

"Don't jump! Don't jump!" cried the young fireman. "I'll come up to you!"

Then, turning to his men, he trumpeted:

"Hurry up the ladders."

The ladder-truck dashed up at a furious rate, and stopped almost under the eaves of the burning mill.

"Save us! Save us!" screamed the terror-stricken girls at the third-story windows again, as the flames burst through the openings above their heads.

The brave young fireman looked up and saw

their peril, and instinctively knew that in a few moments more they would begin leaping for their lives. Placing the trumpet to his lips again, he sung out:

"Hurry up with the ladders!" and then dashed into the burning building through a cloud of flame and smoke.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd as they saw him disappear.

"He will be suffocated!"

"He'll never get out alive!"

"Such a boy!"

"They ought to have kept him back!" and hundreds of similar exclamations burst from all sides.

The firemen hastened to raise the long ladders to the third-story windows, but ere they succeeded in doing so Fred Flame, the young foreman of the engine company, appeared in the midst of the frightened girls, and essayed to calm their fears.

"Keep cool, girls," he cried, in strong, cheery tones, "and you'll get out all right!"

They crowded around him, and besought him to save them.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "I'll save every one of you, if you will keep cool, and do as you are told."

"Tell us—tell us what to do, and we'll do it," cried several at once.

"All right. Keep cool, and wait for the ladders. Ah! here's a ladder now."

He sprang to the window and looked down at the sea of upturned faces. A cheer came up that sounded like the roar of the sea. As the ladder struck the window the young fireman sprang out upon it, taking the nearest girl with him. The others screamed with terror when they saw that he was leaving them with one of the girls.

"I'll be back in one minute!" he cried, hastening down the ladder with one of the girls.

When he reached the ground with the girl another wild cheer burst from the crowd.

"Put up another ladder alongside!" he cried, hastening back up to the shrieking girls.

Taking another girl out of the window, he started down again. Another fireman, half-way up the ladder, swung around underneath to allow him to pass, and then rushed on up and took one of the girls out of the window. In another moment another ladder was run up alongside the other one, when a dozen firemen ran up as

nimbly as so many squirrels, and, as each seized a girl, he ran down the other one. At last the floor seemed to be clear of girls, and the order was given to remove the ladders. But a shrill scream sounded high above the roar of the flames and a cry of horror burst from the crowd as the blanched face of a young girl was seen at the fourth-story window! How she got there, and where she had been up to that moment, was a puzzle to everyone in the great throng below. Dense volumes of flames and smoke issued from every window. As the young girl leaned out of the window, a fierce tongue of flames and black smoke curled and twisted through the opening just above her head.

"Oh, God!" groaned hundred of horror-stricken people below, "she is lost. She cannot escape! She must perish!"

"Splice the ladder and run it up!" sung out Fred Flame through his trumpet, and the next moment he sprang through the window of the third-story and disappeared from view.

The brave firemen shuddered with horror as they saw him disappear from sight, as they well knew his daring spirit. He would rescue that young girl or perish in the attempt. The moment he sprang through the window young Flame was blinded by the smoke. But he had been in the mill before, and knew which way the stairs ran. With eyes closed, and holding his breath, he dashed forward through a perfect sea of flame and smoke, and struck the stairs that led up to the fourth floor. Up, up, he bounded, taking four steps at a bound. The stairs were in flames. He felt, but did not see, the flames.

He dared not breathe, even, and knew that to open his eyes would be to blind him so as to render escape from the building impossible. Gaining the head of the stairs, he dashed across the floor toward the open windows. Still holding his breath, he was on the verge of sinking down for want of air. Yet he dared not open his mouth to breathe, nor his eyes to see, as certain death would be the result if he did either. But staggering forward, he struck against the wall between the windows with such force as to almost stun him. He kept his wits about him, however, and at once began feeling along the wall. In another minute he struck one of the open windows. So weak was he from holding in his breath so long that he fell across the window-sill gasping for air.

"There he is! There he is!" he heard the people below shout. "Save him! Save the brave boy!"

The scene became one of unexampled confusion. The excited firemen exerted themselves to the utmost to save their young chief. They saw him lying limp and gasping across the window-sill, and thought he was dying in the intolerable heat of the burning building. Suddenly, after getting his lungs filled with fresh air, Fred looked to the left and saw that the young girl was at the next window to his. She was leaning far out, and looking down at the busy firemen, as if in doubt as to their ability to save her. Closing his mouth and eyes again, the young fireman ran along by the wall till he struck against the young girl. She did not know that he had come to save her, and was so terrified at being so rudely jostled that she was on the point of springing out of the window. But he grasped her around the waist

and leaned far out of the window for air, whilst a huge, black volume of smoke and cinders poured out of the window just above their heads.

"I'll save you," he said, hoarsely. "Keep cool and quiet."

She saw his red shirt and fireman's hat, and knew at once that one of the brave band had come to save her. A glad cry escaped her lips, and she threw her arms around his neck, and said:

"Save me! Save me! I will do as you say!"

"Placing his trumpet to his lips, he sung out to the firemen below:

"Up with that ladder!"

Out of the upper part of the window poured a dense volume of smoke and flame, and so hot was it that both had to bow their heads low to escape the blistering heat. The flames increased in volume, and seconds seemed hours to the brave young fireman. He looked behind him as if calculating the chances of escape by way of the stairs. But retreat by that route was cut off entirely, for just then the stairs fell with a crash, a heap of live coals.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the young girl, with a shudder, as she clung to him, "we are lost!"

"No—no—not yet!" he returned. "They will soon have the ladder up! Keep up a brave heart. I've pulled through as hot places as this."

"Who are you?" she asked, looking him full in the face.

"I am Fred Flame."

"Ah! I thought so!" and her face lighted up with confidence.

"Come," said he, "we must get out on the sill here or we will be burned."

"But we will fall and——"

"Please trust me now," he said, seizing her in his arms. "My life is at stake as well as yours. I would die to save you."

He then climbed out of the window with her in his arms, his feet hanging far down, while with his left hand he hung on by the hinge of the iron shutter. It was a fearful peril. A cry of horror went up from firemen and spectators alike, as he hung there so high above the ground. Out of the window belched flame and smoke—death by fire! Below yawned death by a fall.

"Up with that ladder!" came from the trumpet.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! There goes the ladder. Up she goes! Hold hard, Fred, old boy!" went up from a thousand throats.

CHAPTER II.—The Daring Rescue.

The firemen had spliced the ladder in an incredibly short space of time, though the reader may have thought them slow. In moments like that every minute seems an hour, and more time is taken to describe the scenes than is required for the transpiring of events. The brave firemen exerted themselves as never before in their lives, as the life of their dauntless young chief hung in the balance. They raised the ladder with a celerity that astonished old citizens, and let it fall against the wall just under Fred Flame's feet. Then another peril was seen. He could just touch the top round with his feet; but to let go his hold on the iron hinge would be to

topple over and fall to the ground with the young girl.

"Oh, God!" groaned hundreds below. "The brave fellow will perish, after all!"

"Never, never!" cried old Ben Singleton, a blacksmith of giant size and strength, who had been a fireman in New York. "I'll go up and get him down." And without another word he sprang through the police lines and dashed up the ladder.

"Come back!—come back!" yelled a policeman.

"Come back!" roared a dozen firemen, who did not like to have any of the crowd interfere in their work.

But the soot-covered ex-fireman paid no attention to their cries. Fred Flame was one of his pets, and he made up his mind to save him and the girl at all hazards. Up, up he ran, nimbly as a squirrel, and in a few moments he was at the top of the ladder. Grasping Fred around the waist, he said, in cheery tones:

"Let go now, lad; I have ye safe."

Fred recognized the blacksmith's voice, and said:

"Thank you, Ben. Steady now; I am going to let go."

"Let go, then."

He let go, and found himself grasped firmly in the arms of the old blacksmith, who had braced himself on two rounds of the ladder. The next moment he was able to grasp a round of the ladder and balance himself. The strain on his muscles had been terrible.

"Give her to me, lad," said old Ben. "I'll take her down."

She was but a mere doll in the arms of the stalwart blacksmith, who ran down the ladder with her, leaving Fred to follow at his leisure. As he reached the ground the multitude went wild with uncontrollable enthusiasm. They surged to and fro like the sea in a storm, and finally ran over the police, who vainly tried to keep them back.

"Hip—hip! Hurrah! Hurrah!" they cheered, and the next moment the young fireman was raised on their shoulders and carried away, while another party took up the young girl, who had fainted dead away, and carried her into the nearest house. The good people received her gladly, and gave her every attention her condition called for.

"Let me down, boys!" cried Fred Flame, to the men who were carrying him on their shoulders. "The fire still rages. Set me down and let me go to my post."

"The mill is gone," said hundreds in a voice. "All the water in the Susquehanna can't save it. Hurrah for the young fireman!"

The crowd yelled and cheered themselves hoarse, and young Flame had to let them have their own way. Up the street they went, hundreds following and cheering at the top of their lungs, till they reached the engine house of Greystone No. 1. There they set him down and gave him three times three and a tiger.

"Boys," he said, "only be just. I owe my life this day to old Ben Singleton, the blacksmith, who was once a fireman in New York. I would have fallen to the ground but for him. Give him three times three and a tiger, too!"

The excited crowd replied with a will, making the welkin ring with cheers and shouts.

"Where's the brave blacksmith?" came from all sides.

They looked for him, but he was nowhere to be seen. The brave old man had not followed them up from the fire.

"Go and get him!" cried Fred. "Bring him on your shoulders, for a braver or better man never lived!"

A couple of hundred men started off in search of the old blacksmith. They went first by the burning mill, where two or three thousand people yet lingered, and, failing to find him there, went round four blocks out of the way to his humble shop. There they found him at his anvil, looking as rugged and yet calm as if nothing had occurred that day to draw him away from his forge.

"Come, old man," they said, "we want you."

"What for?" he asked, looking as though he was puzzled.

"Fred Flame wants you up at the engine house," they answered him.

"Ah! The lad is younger than I am. Tell him to come here," he said, turning again to his forge.

But they seized him and bore him away on their shoulders in spite of his protestations. He had on his old blackened leather apron, and his face and hands were scarcely less blackened than it. But little cared they for that. The brave heart under his soot-begrimed shirt was what had challenged their admiration. Up at the engine house the firemen had returned from the smoldering ruins and run the engine into its quarters, when the crowd came up with the old blacksmith.

"Ah, lad," said the ex-fireman, grasping Fred's hand, as they stood him on his feet, "you are all right again."

"Yes, thanks to you," was the reply, as Fred shook his hand.

"Tut, tut, lad! Such a plucky boy as you will never go under that way. Pluck is what pulls a man through, you know."

"But I could not have held on there another half minute," said the young fireman. "The truth is, I had said two prayers just before you reached me. I owe you my life, and I wanted to tell you so before all our friends. You have been my friend for a long time, and——"

"Cheese it, lad," said the old blacksmith, tears in his eyes and his voice husky. "I'm your friend still, and till death."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried several firemen nearby, and every man responded at the top of his lungs.

"Call a meeting of the company at once," said Fred, to one of the members, and the call was at once made.

Nearly every member was on hand, with hundreds of spectators standing around. Fred proposed the name of old Ben Singleton as honorary member of Greystone No. 1, and he was elected with one long acclamation of assent. Again Fred grasped his hand and shook it, while tears of joy glistened in his eyes. Just then a man in a mechanic's garb rushed through the crowd and caught Fred's hand.

"You have saved my daughter's life, sir," he faltered. "God bless you! God bless you!" and then he burst into tears.

Every eye at once dimmed with tears of sym-

pathy in the joy of that honest, hard-working father. A moment later a roar of applause burst forth that was heard several blocks away from the engine house. This scene was kept up for over an hour, but at last the crowd dispersed, and the firemen took off their helmeted hats and red shirts preparatory to returning to their work-shops, whence they had been called by the great fire-bell. Fred Flame returned to his shop, where he was employed as a toolmaker, and went to work as usual. Just before he quit work his employer came to his bench, and said:

"I hear that you greatly distinguished yourself at the fire this afternoon, Fred."

Fred blushed like a school-girl, and said:

"I don't know about that, sir. I did all I could to save life and property."

"Yes, I know you did," said the man. "When a man does his best he is pretty apt to do something. I like a man who always tries to do his best. When you want to leave this bench and take a place as salesman in the store let me know."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore," stammered Fred. "I am not tired of my work; besides, I have not yet thoroughly mastered it in all its branches."

"You are the best workman in the shop, except old Jean Grevy, the Frenchman, who, if he would leave drink alone, would be the finest workman in the State."

"That's what I think too, sir," said our hero. "I don't think that he drinks as much now as he did last year."

After a few more words of conversation the employer left him to his work. Fred turned to his bench with a sparkling eye and flushed face, for the compliments of his employer had made him cheerful and light of heart. That evening he was again at the engine house, with a score or more firemen, and for the first time learned who the young girl was whose life he had saved.

"Her name is Grace Grant," said one of the firemen, "the prettiest girl in the mill. Your employer's son, Gerald, is particularly sweet on her."

"Ah, is that so?"

"Yes. He calls on her regularly, and sends her beautiful presents."

"Indeed!" and the young fireman was no little surprised at what he heard.

As he was returning from the engine house at a late hour he made up his mind to call on Grace and inquire how she had fared since her escape from the burning mill.

CHAPTER III.—Fred Flame.

That the reader may know who the young, heroic fireman is we will briefly state that at a very early age he was left an orphan, both parents dying within three months of each other, after they had been living in Greystone a little more than a year. They had come from England. That much they told their friends, but further than that they were very reticent. They would not say anything to anybody about themselves or their family history. The father was highly educated, and took a position as bookkeeper in one of the mills down near the river; the mother was not only highly educated, but very refined

and accomplished. To aid her husband, she gave music lessons to the young ladies of the wealthy families of the town. Thus were his parents just before the mother sickened and died; three months later the father, whose heart was buried with his lovely young wife, suddenly died, and young Fred, then but four years old, was left alone in the wide world.

He was taken charge of by a committee of ladies, and placed in good hands. When but fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a toolmaker to learn the trade. So apt at learning was he that in three years he was regarded as one of the best workmen in the shop. His master suddenly became involved in financial difficulties, and had to retire from business. He was thus left his own master some three years before the end of his apprenticeship. Being a good workman and steady in his habits, he readily found work in the great toolshop of Jas. Moore & Son, where he was working at the time he was introduced to the reader. A year after he went to work for Moore & Son he joined the fire company. At the very first fire he attended he distinguished himself by his daring rescue of an old lady from the two-story building. It made him a general favorite with everybody, and a year later, notwithstanding his youth, he was elected foreman over a man double his age.

From that moment everybody in Greystone came to know the "Brave Boy Fireman" by sight and reputation. The girls particularly had adopted him as their special favorite. He was curly-haired, black-eyed, and had clear-cut features, that had frankness and honestly stamped indelibly upon them. No wonder he was a general favorite. Thus we find him at the opening of our story. The reader will now accompany the young fireman, on the evening of the second day after the fire, to the humble home of Grace Grant, the beautiful young maiden whom he had rescued from the flames. She was not expecting him, but he found her dressed as if to receive a visit from someone.

"Oh, Mr. Flame!" she cried, as she met him at the door, "I am so glad to see you! Do come in!" and she led the way into the cozy little parlor. "I've been thinking about you all day, and so has mother, too. Papa said he saw you last night, and shook hands with you."

"Ah! Was it your father? I didn't learn his name. I called to see how you have stood the terrible shock. You have not been ill from it, I hope?"

"Oh, no, sir, not in the least, thanks to your daring courage. Oh, I owe you my life, and my parents pray for you night and morning."

The sweet, half-childish face of the beautiful girl lighted up with gratitude and enthusiasm as she spoke. Fred thought he had never seen a girl half so lovely in all his life, and it was some time ere he could find words in which to frame his thoughts. At last he said:

"I only did what my heart prompted me to do, Miss Grant. You were in danger, and had called for help. I could do no more than to respond. I am glad you have escaped unhurt, and that you experience no ill effects from the shock."

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Grant came into the room, for they had heard Grace pronounce his name at the door, to thank him for his brave

conduct, and to call down God's blessing on his head. By and by they retired, and left the young couple alone together. Then he rose to leave. She pressed him to stay, and took his hat from his hand. He sat down again, and a half hour flew swiftly by. Never before had he met a young lady whose conversational powers were so charming. Her voice was music to his ears, and he was more than half in love with her ere the half hour expired. The conversation was interrupted by a knock on the front door. She excused herself and ran to open it. He heard a pleasant, cordial greeting, and a voice that sounded very familiar to him. The next moment she came back into the little parlor, accompanied by Gerald Moore, his employer's son.

"Mr. Moore, Mr. Flame," said Grace, introducing them.

"Oh, we are well acquainted, Grace," said young Moore, laughing, as he extended his hand to the young fireman. "How are you, Fred?"

"Very well, thanks," said Fred, returning the handshake.

"Oh, I am so glad you are acquainted!" exclaimed Grace. "Sit down, both of you. You know I owe my life to Mr. Flame. I can never forget a debt of gratitude."

Gerald Moore looked furtively at the young fireman, as if mentally calculating the effect of his daring on the young girl, and said:

"Yes, one ought to feel grateful for such a service. It was a very daring rescue indeed, and I would like to show my appreciation of it by tendering a—a—ah—remuneration to Mr. Flame."

Fred's face turned pale as a sheet as he remarked:

"You surely would not thus insult the whole fire department, Mr. Moore."

"Ah, no. I don't mean it as an—ah—insult, you know."

"Of course not," said Grace, her sweet face suffused with blushes; "but such an offer would be an insult. I am sure you did not mean it in that light, Mr. Moore."

"Oh, no—no, indeed," said the young man, coloring up. Then he sat there, and stared first at Grace and then at Fred.

At last Fred arose to leave. Grace insisted on his staying longer, but he would not.

"You will call again?" she asked, looking wistfully up at him.

"Yes—with pleasure," he replied, and then he bowed politely to his employer and left.

Grace accompanied him to the door, and bade him a sweet good-evening. But when she returned to the parlor she found a dark scowl on the face of Gerald Moore.

he said to himself, as he wended his way along the street, "and she seems to be as good as she is beautiful. I am glad I was able to save her from the flames. She is too good and pure to die such a horrible death as burning. But what is Gerald Moore paying her attentions for? He does not mean to marry the daughter of a poor mechanic. He is not a marrying man. She seems to like him—was expecting him this evening. That's what she was dressed up for. Well, he ought to marry her, for she would be a queen in silks and satins."

Then his mind reverted to the insult of Gerald Moore's remarks at the cottage, when he spoke of "remunerating" him for rescuing Grace from the flames.

"My blood boiled when I heard him say that," he said to himself. "But for the presence of a lady I would have knocked him down. I hope he will not mention it again."

The next day Fred went to his work, as usual, greeting the workmen in the shop as he always did.

"I say, Fred," said one of the workmen, "that was Gerald Moore's girl you saved the other day."

"Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes; didn't you know her?"

"No. Are they engaged?"

"Engaged! Thunder! Do you expect him to marry a poor girl like her? He has an eye to beauty, though."

"If he is not going to marry her he ought to keep away from her, then," remarked Fred.

"Oh, you just tell him that, will you?" and several of the men laughed as they turned to their work, leaving Fred alone with his thoughts and his tools.

The day passed, and in the evening he was at the engine house again in the midst of the daring young firemen. Old Ben Singleton was there to entertain them with stories of the old volunteer fire department of New York City.

"By the way, lad," said the old blacksmith, "have you seen the young gal you saved the other day?"

"Yes," replied Fred. "I've seen her, and heard her express her gratitude to you for saving both of us that day."

"Tut, tut, lad! she is the prettiest gal I ever did see. Don't you let her waste no palaver on me. I'm too old for that now. You are just the laddie for her."

"Oh, Gerald Moore has a mortgage on her," remarked another, with a laugh.

"Pshaw! Gerald Moore isn't a fireman. He can't have a show against Fred Flame," said another.

"That's so," assented a third.

"But he has a big bank account," urged still another, "and that outshines a red shirt any day."

Fred said nothing. Gerald Moore was one of his employers, and for that reason he did not care to make any remarks for fear that they might be misconstrued and repeated. He did not forget that on that very morning Gerald Moore had passed him without speaking.

"To-morrow night is the Firemen's Ball," said one of the boys, "and all the pretty girls will be there. If she comes Fred must open the ball with her."

CHAPTER IV.—The Rich Man and the Work Girl.

As he wended his way back home from the Grant cottage, young Fred Flame was silent and thoughtful. He was thinking of the beautiful girl and the great peril to which she had been exposed.

"She is the most beautiful girl I ever saw,"

The suggestion met with general favor, and Fred agreed to send her a note early the next day, notifying her of the desire of the firemen. That night he wrote the note before retiring, asking her to allow him to escort her to the ball, and the next morning sent it off early by a messenger. The boy soon returned with her acceptance, and he was thus made happy for the day. The aristocratic Gerald Moore had received an invitation to the ball, but did not dream of escorting the daughter of a poor mechanic there. On the contrary, he accompanied one of his fair cousins, who wore silks and diamonds and rode in her carriage. Nor did he dream that the poor girl would be there in the midst of the scene of revelry.

But when he saw her enter the ball-room, dressed in simple white, and leaning on the arm of Fred Flame, he turned livid in his jealous rage. Her transcendent beauty, ease, and grace won the hearts of all. Even Gerald's fair cousin praised her beauty, and hinted that it would be so romantic if the rescue should pave the way to a happy love-match between the two. Both were graceful dancers, and they danced several times together. Gerald watched them like a hawk. He was apprehensive that the daring young fireman would spoil his game, and cause the beauty to give him his dismissal. A dark frown gathered on his face as he saw them whirling around in the giddy mazes of the waltz, and he mentally resolved to get rid of the young fireman. How he would do it he did not know; but he was resolved to break up the growing acquaintance between them at every hazard. At the end of one of the dances Fred led Grace to a seat. But she had caught a glimpse of Gerald Moore by the side of a richly dressed lady, and wished to see who she was. She turned to Fred, and asked:

"Would you mind promenading round the room just once?"

"Certainly not," he replied, tendering his arm to her. She accepted, and together they strolled around the great ballroom.

In a little while they arrived opposite the spot where Gerald Moore was seated by the side of his fair cousin. He saw her and turned pale, for he knew that his duplicity was exposed. She could not fail to see that he dared not take her to the ball where so many of his aristocratic acquaintances would be. Their eyes met, and she gave him a resentful look that caused his pallor to increase, if possible, and then she passed on.

"Did you see Mr. Moore?" Fred asked, as he led her back to a seat on the other side of the room.

"Yes. Who is the lady with him?"

"I don't know. She is beautiful, is she not?"

"Oh, yes; and beautifully dressed," and she looked over at the lady with a thoughtful expression in her lustrous brown eyes.

"You are not jealous, are you?" he asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no; but I am awakened."

"Ah! I don't understand you."

She looked at him a moment or two in a questioning way, and said:

"You were at our house the other evening, when Mr. Moore called?"

"Yes."

"He has called a dozen times before, and I

felt greatly flattered by his attentions, and had grown to like him very much. He had made me presents and taken me on little excursions, till some of my girl friends began to tease me about him. But he never offered to take me to church or any other fashionable place. He is here to-night with a richly-dressed lady, and does not care to recognize the poor work-girl. When he calls again I will not be at home to him."

"But if I should knock at your door?"

"It will be opened to you, and a glad welcome given you," was the frank reply.

"Thanks! I shall call often, if you will allow me."

"We shall be so glad to see you."

During this conversation Gerald Moore had kept his eye on them. He was quite sure that Grace was angry with him, and made up his mind to see her before the evening was over.

"I must see her and tell her how my fair cousin had impressed me into her service for the evening," he said to himself. "She will believe me, I am sure, and to-morrow I will send her a handsome present."

A half-hour later, when Fred was suddenly called away by one of the ball-room committee, on some business pertaining to the evening's entertainment, Gerald Moore came up to where Grace was seated, and extended his hand to her, saying:

"I am glad to see you here to-night, Grace. You are the handsomest girl in the room."

She turned her great brown eyes full upon him, without noticing his hand, and said:

"Pardon me, sir, but I cannot believe you."

He turned pale, and muttered:

"This from you, Grace?"

"Yes. You could not escort the poor work-girl to this ball for fear of your aristocratic friends. I think I——"

"Grace!" he interrupted her, in low, but excited tones. "You do me an injustice, I assure you!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Moore! I am simply doing myself justice. You need not call any more."

"But, Grace, you will allow me to explain, will you not? I am not my own master this evening. I was pressed into service by——"

"Pressed into service! That implies a lack of manliness on your part. Pray excuse me," and she turned away and left him standing there like one in a dream.

Fortunately no one had overheard a word of the conversation.

"Ten thousand fiends!" he hissed through clenched teeth. "She seeks to dismiss me for that daring boy fireman! By the powers of darkness, she shall be mine, or I'll throw him into the vortex of destruction!" and he turned and made his way into the refreshment room in quest of a glass of wine, to quiet his nerves ere he returned to the side of his fair cousin.

CHAPTER V.—Employer and Employee as Rivals.

When Fred returned to the side of Grace Grant he found her greatly agitated.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, taking his arm. "It's very close in here."

"So it is. Would you like to walk out on the balcony?"

"Oh, yes, ever so much," and he led her out on the balcony that overlooked the street, where she quickly recovered her composure under the twinkling stars. The ball broke up at a late hour, and the revelers dispersed to their homes more than satisfied with the entertainment. The papers the next morning pronounced it the greatest event of the season, and made special mention of the heroic young fireman and the beautiful young lady whom he had so gallantly rescued a few days previous. That day, as Fred was busy at his bench in the great tool-shop of Moore & Son, young Gerald Moore came up and greeted him familiarly.

"The ball last night was a great success," he remarked.

"Yes," said Fred. "I knew it would be. The firemen never make a failure of anything they undertake."

"I guess you are right. Did you escort Miss Grant there?"

"Yes, I did."

"She is a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"Very, indeed."

"She is quite a friend of mine."

Fred made no reply.

"Did she say anything about me last night?"

"Surely you don't expect me to repeat anything she may have said to me about you or anyone else, Mr. Moore?" said the young fireman gravely.

"Of course not, if she requested you not to," said Gerald.

"She made no such request, presuming that I was a gentleman," quietly remarked Fred, his eyes flashing angrily.

"Well, I wanted to say to you that it's not customary for one friend to get in another's way, where women are concerned."

"What am I to understand by that?" asked Fred, looking him full in the face as he laid down his tools.

"Simply this, that I am visiting Miss Grant, and that you have no right just because you did her a service to force yourself in between us."

"I am not aware that I have forced my way anywhere, Mr. Moore. I've never called on her but twice, which was right and proper under the circumstances."

"Well, that's all right. But don't call on her any more. She is my girl, you understand, and——"

"Do you intend to marry her?"

"What business is that of yours? Keep away from her, or our friendship will end."

"Then it ends right here, sir," was the blunt retort. "I saved her once, and now I will save her again. I hope you will understand me, sir."

Gerald Moore was dumfounded. He had expected that the employee would submit to any terms he might suggest, and did not dream that Fred would dare oppose his wishes. The bold, spirited reply of the young fireman, therefore, upset all his calculations.

"Don't be a fool, Fred Flame," he said, after a pause of several minutes.

"I shall certainly follow your advice in that respect, sir," returned Fred, "but in no other

way. I am going to give up my job at this bench."

"You may do that as soon as you please—the sooner the better," said Gerald, hotly, his face flushed to his temples.

Fred promptly threw off his apron and proceeded to wash his hands, preparatory to leaving the shop. Gerald went back into the office and reported to his father that he had discharged Flame for insulting him.

"That's not like Fred," said the elder member of the firm. "You must have given him a cause for doing so."

"By no means. The press of the last few days, in the accounts published about the mill's fire, has turned his head and rendered him impudent."

"You are lying to your father, Gerald Moore," said Fred, entering the office in time to hear the remarks made by the junior member of the firm. Gerald turned ashen pale as he wheeled and faced the indignant young toolmaker.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Gerald's father. "What's the quarrel about, anyhow?"

"Tell your father all about it in my presence," said Fred, smiling and looking the junior partner full in the face.

Gerald remained quiet, making no reply. He was so completely cornered that he lost his wits.

"You see he dares not, sir," Fred remarked to Mr. Moore, Sr. "When I leave I suppose he will tell you a cock-and-bull story."

"Heavens! What's it all about, anyhow? You must not leave me, Fred. I am the head of this house, and it's my business to dismiss men—not his. What's the trouble between you?"

"Ask him, sir."

"What is it, Gerald?" the father asked.

"I do not choose to tell you, father," said Gerald, "but either he or I must leave the shop. I won't stay where he is!"

"Then I will leave. I have not been discharged; I threw down my tools and gave up the job on my own account." With that he extended his hand to Mr. Moore, Sr., and added: "You have been kind to me, sir, and it grieves me to leave your shop, but it can't be helped. It would not be pleasant to remain here now."

"I am sorry, Fred," said the head of the firm, shaking his hand. "If you ever need a friend, call on me. Use my name as a reference as much as you like. I will indorse you for anything you may aspire to."

"Thanks, sir; I will not forget your kindness. I will send for the balance due me on next payday," and with that he bowed himself out of the office of the great tool factory, and repaired to his room at his boarding-house. That evening at the engine house it was known that Fred had left the tool-shop of Moore & Son, and that he was out of employment.

"What's it all about, lad?" old Ben Singleton asked.

"Simply a little unpleasantness between Gerald Moore and myself," he answered.

"What are you going to do now?" he was asked.

"Go to work elsewhere," was the reply.

"You won't leave town?"

"Oh, no."

That evening he left the engine house quite early, and went down to the Grant cottage to call on Grace. She received him with one of

her sweetest smiles, and led him into the little parlor and set herself to entertain him. He had scarcely well seated himself ere another knock at the door called Grace out of the room. They were too poor to keep a servant, hence she had to go to the door herself. Just as she reached the door the thought occurred to her that it might be Gerald Moore, and not wishing to meet him again she ran into her mother's room and asked her to go to the door for her. The old lady went, as a matter of course. Grace then returned to the little parlor. By some strange misunderstanding Mrs. Grant admitted Gerald, and a moment later he entered the room. Grace arose, her face pale and her big brown eyes flashing, and greeted him coldly. He, on seeing Fred there hesitated a moment, and then bowed coldly toward him.

"You are not friends?" asked Grace, looking uneasily from one to another.

"No," said Fred, bluntly, "we are not friends. I am no longer in the employ of Moore & Son."

"I did not call here to discuss our quarrel, Fred Flame," said Gerald, haughtily. And then, turning to Grace, asked:

"Can I see you alone for a few minutes, Grace?"

"No, sir."

"Very well," he said, coldly. "You are determined to do me an injustice without giving me an opportunity to defend myself," and with that he bowed himself out and slammed the door after him.

Fred was surprised.

"You've given him the mitten, have you?"

"Oh, we've quarreled, as you and he have," she replied. "I hope he will not call again. Mother must have misunderstood me, or she would not have admitted him."

Out on the street Gerald Moore fairly hissed with rage and indignation:

"He has poisoned her mind against me," he hissed, "and is trying to win her for himself. I'll have him fixed so he will not be able to stir out in a month. The artful young rascal, to take advantage of his position as her rescuer to cut me out in this way! By the eternal blazes, I'll get even with him if I have to kill him!"

Up the street he went till he turned into a cross street that ran down toward the river. On the corner below, not very far from the water, was a saloon of quite an unsavory reputation. It had the name of being a rendezvous for men of bad character. Gerald did not boldly enter the place as soon as he reached it. He wanted to see who was here first, and with that end in view he crept round to the east side of the house, to a little window, where he stopped and peered in at the inmates of the saloon. A more villainous-looking crew than were assembled round the bar would be difficult to find in a day's journey. They were mostly rough river men, who rafted timber down the stream at certain seasons. Many of them were men who could be hired to do almost anything short of actual murder, for pay. Two villainous looking wretches sat near the window drinking whisky of the most Satanic flavor. Gerald tapped on the window and one of them turned to see what was wanted.

"Come out. Here's a job for you and your friend," said he, in low tones.

The man whispered to his companion, and then both rose and left the room together.

Outside they met Gerald Moore, who immediately proceeded to tell them what he wanted them to do—to have them thrash Fred Flame as he came out of the cottage. They agreed and waited, shielded by trees from observation. After a while Fred came sauntering along and the villains tackled him. Fred put up the best fight he could, and was in the midst of it when the firebell rang. He broke away then and ran, the villains pursuing him. Just as Fred turned a corner he ran into a young fellow and both went down. But Fred was the first upon his feet and away. Just as the other was getting to his feet one of the villains pounced upon him and knocked him senseless, taking his pocketbook and watch and chain. Fred proceeded to the scene of the fire, which was a small one, and was perceived attending to his duty by Gerald Moore, who realized his dirty work had miscarried in some manner.

Gerald met his partners in crime later in the day, and they insisted that Fred Moore had been knocked out instead of the stranger, so Gerald made a bargain with them to hang around the Grant cottage nights in order to complete their contract with him.

One night shortly after Fred Flame met old Ben Singleton, the blacksmith, and they both made a call on Grace Grant. Old Ben did not stay long, however, and as he departed from the cottage he was mistaken for Fred by the two toughs and set upon. But there was where they had made a bad error, for when the blacksmith got through with them they were a sad looking pair, and quite unconscious. When they came to Fred had just left the cottage and came along. Perceiving their plight, and they not recognizing Fred, he was asked if he would help them to a saloon in the neighborhood. Fred consented and, taking each by an arm, helped them into a nearby saloon and told the landlord how he came across them and paid for a drink for each to brace them up.

But suddenly a lamp that hung from the ceiling burst with a loud report and the blazing oil spread all around the room. The place was soon a roaring mass of flame. The engines arrived in due time, but it was too late to save the saloon. It was soon a complete wreck.

When Greystone No. 1 returned to the engine house old Ben took Fred aside and said:

"When I left the Grant cottage I was assailed by two toughs, whom I left unconscious on the sidewalk."

Then Fred told him that he had come up with the villains and had taken them to the saloon at the time the lamp exploded.

"I think they took me for you," said Ben.

Then Fred told of his meeting two men on coming out of the cottage on the occasion of the last fire.

"They must be the same chaps," said Fred. "I'll look into the matter."

CHAPTER VI.—A Precious Trio of Villains.

When the two raftsmen who had met the old blacksmith rushed out of the burning saloon, they

started up the street that ran along by the river. They did not care to remain in a big crowd, where the light of the conflagration would expose the condition of their bruised and battered faces. As they started off up the street, Gerald Moore, who had not taken his eyes off of them, turned and followed them. When they had reached an unlighted part of the street he advanced and spoke to them.

"You have had bad luck to-night," he said, as he joined them.

They both stopped, for they recognized his voice.

"Bad luck!" growled one of them. "We've been nearly murdered."

"You fellows seem to be unfortunate about tackling the wrong man. Who was the man, anyhow?"

"Don't know. He was the fiend's own, he was."

"Well, you don't give up the job yet, eh?"

"No; we never give up till we pull through."

"Well, when will next time be? Time flies, and in a week or two your services may not be worth two cents to me."

"Oh, we'll be on hand again in a few days."

"But, see here—you don't want to make any more blunders like this. One week from to-night I will meet you here on this spot and give you some instructions. If you do my work faithfully you will find me a good paymaster."

"That's all right, boss," said the taller of the two men. "We will be here—me and my pal; but we've got to see a doctor and get fixed up again, and will need some more money."

"Very well. Here's fifty dollars. Get out of the way now, and keep quiet till this thing blows over," and he handed the man a bill, which the villain quickly pocketed. Then he turned and walked rapidly away, going up a street that led away from the river. The two battered villains then turned and made for the bridge, over which they passed and disappeared in the darkness beyond. The next day an account of the burning of the low saloon down by the river was in the morning papers. Fred's name was mentioned as one of the number present when the fire broke out. Nothing was said about how he came to be there, and so a damaging rumor was at once started through the city. But in the next issue Fred promptly published a card in which he told the story of the finding of the two men who had been so terribly beaten, and of his taking them to the saloon for any assistance they might need. Then came out the story of the attack on old Ben Singleton and his terrible work of punishment.

"Those two men were laying for me," muttered Fred to himself, when old Ben had again told him his story. "Two men tried to stop me down there once before, and I'd wager that they were the same two. Hanged if I don't think it would be a good plan to get old Ben to travel with me of nights. One thing I will do, and that is to be prepared for 'em next time. What in thunder was Gerald Moore doing down there at that saloon at midnight? He hates me for calling him a liar before his father, and because Grace won't smile on him any more. I don't know that he had anything to do with those two men, but I do know that he is no friend of mine. Well, I'm not afraid of him."

"So it was the blacksmith that knocked them out!" muttered Gerald Moore, when he heard the story. "Well, all I have to say is that I don't want to have any trouble with that kind of a man. I've got nothing against him, further than his friendship for Fred Flame. But if he meddles too much I'll have him quietly put out of the way. Those raftsmen will do anything for money, and I've got the money."

Two or three evenings later Fred again called on Grace Grant, and was received with a smiling welcome. He went armed to be prepared for another attack. But as the two ruffians were still laid up with their bruises, he saw nothing of them. During the visit the young couple sat near the window, which was open, though the blinds were closed.

"The destruction of the suspender factory," said Grace, during the course of conversation, "has thrown over two hundred of us girls out of employment, and we don't know what to do."

"It's bad," said Fred, "and nearly all of them need work, too."

"Yes, they all need it, as for that matter, and none more than myself. It will be two or three months ere the firm can begin work again, so they say."

"And you want employment till that time?" Fred asked.

"Indeed I do."

"I know a place where I think you can get work, though I don't know what wages you can earn there."

"Oh, please tell me!" she exclaimed, "and I'll be ever so much obliged."

"I'll tell you to-morrow after I've seen a friend of mine—or I will send you a note where to go."

"How kind of you to go to all that trouble!"

"Ah! I would put myself to a great deal of trouble for you, Grace," he said, giving her a look that set her heart in a flutter, and caused a bright glow to suffuse her cheeks.

"You are kind," was all she could say.

"How could I be otherwise to you?" and he gave her another tender glance that caused her to blush and cast down her eyes.

CHAPTER VII.—The Abduction.

Fred had taken Grace's hand in his, and was getting more and more tender in both words and looks, when both were startled by a hiss like that of a serpent just under the window. A moment later they heard footsteps rapidly retreating. Grace turned pale and glanced up at Fred. He returned her gaze, and then sprang to the window and threw open the blinds. But in the darkness beyond he could see nothing, though the retreating footsteps could still plainly be heard.

"I would give something to know who it was," he said, as he closed the blinds and resumed his seat.

"It may have been some mischievous boys," said Grace.

"No—it was some mischievous man! I heard his boot-heels on the pavement."

Then the conversation changed to other subjects, and at the end of another hour he took leave of the young lady and left the house. He had not ceased to think over the eavesdropping

incident, however, and he made up his mind that an enemy was on the lookout for him. Up the street he went, and in a few minutes he had regained that part of the town where he knew no one would dare attack him or anyone else. He didn't know what to think of the matter, and went to bed wondering if it could have been a mere urchin under the window after all.

In his elegantly furnished apartments in another part of the town, Gerald Moore was pacing to and fro in a white heat of passion.

"Ah, he was there by her side!" he fairly hissed. "He held her hand in his, and was giving her tender glances and loving words. I saw them. I was there within three or four feet of them, under the window, and heard it all. By all the gods, I could have murdered him in cold blood! She was more beautiful than ever, and to think that two or three short weeks ago she was ready to fall into my arms! He is going to try to find another situation for her. Oh, they are getting confidential enough! I couldn't stand it! I had to hiss him. They heard it plainly, and my footsteps also, for I saw him spring forward and open the blinds. I could have shot him then had I dared, and it would never have been found out who did it. She might have suspected me, though. No! I will get others to do that kind of work."

How passionately some man can love, and how intensely they can hate! In his mad passion for Grace Grant, Gerald Moore was ready to steep his soul in crime. Ere he closed his eyes in sleep that night he had concocted a diabolical plot against the person and honor of the beautiful girl. It was a little after noon the next day when a close carriage drove up in front of the Grant cottage and stopped there. A middle-aged woman alighted from it and knocked at the door. Mrs. Grant herself opened it, and the woman asked:

"Does Miss Grace Grant live here?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Will you please walk in?"

"Thanks! I have a note from Mr. Flame for her. He came to see me about a situation which he said she desired."

"Ah, yes! She will be so glad to see you. Take a seat, ma'am; she will be in in a few moments."

The visitor seated herself in the cozy little parlor, while Mrs. Grant hastened to inform Grace of her presence. In a few minutes Grace came into the room, and smilingly greeted the visitor.

"Are you Grace Grant?" the woman asked, glancing at the young girl from head to foot.

"Yes, ma'am; that's my name," replied Grace.

"Here's a letter Mr. Flame gave me to hand to you. It will explain my visit," and she handed her a letter, which she hastily tore open and read.

"Dear Grace," it read, "Mrs. Greene, superintendent of the girls' department in the Woven Belt Works will hand you this, and explain to you the nature of the work, which I believe is somewhat like that in which you have heretofore been engaged. They need more hands, and the pay is good. In the absence of anything better, I would advise you to try your hands at it."

"Ever your Friend,

"Fred Flame."

"Why, of course I will go!" she exclaimed, "if I can do the work. Do you think I can, Mrs. Greene?" and she turned to the visitor as she spoke.

"Yes, if you understand suspender making," was the reply. "We have taken on over a score of girls from the suspender works since the fire, and they say they are earning more money than they did before. If you like you can go with me and see if you like it. You can tell in ten minutes whether you can do the work or not."

"Oh, yes, I will go. Please wait till I can change my dress," and she hastened out of the room to change her dress.

In five minutes she returned to the parlor and said to the visitor:

"I am ready now, but sorry I had to keep you waiting so long."

"Oh, you made a change much quicker than most girls could have done," said Mrs. Greene, in a laughing, pleasant tone of voice, as she arose and led the way out to the carriage. "That is a sign of a good worker."

"Oh, I'm a fast worker," said Grace, as she entered the vehicle and was followed by the woman. "But it would take me a long time to earn enough to indulge in a carriage ride like this."

"We are indebted to Mr. Flame for this," remarked Mrs. Greene, as she seated herself by the side of Grace and closed the door. "He is your beau, is he not?"

The sudden glance that followed the question rather disconcerted Grace, and she blushed without making any reply.

"Well, you needn't be ashamed of him," said the woman. "Almost any girl in Greystone would be glad to get Fred Flame for a beau."

"Oh, I'm not ashamed of him," she stammered, her face crimson with blushes. "He is the best friend I have in the world, and I owe him my life, you know."

Suddenly Mrs. Greene began to sneeze.

"Why, bless my soul!" she exclaimed, "I must be taking cold," and she quickly opened a little leather bag and took out a handkerchief. After using it a minute or so, she poured some kind of liquid on it, and then clapped it to Grace's face. The girl struggled to remove it, but the woman held her, and in another moment she sank back on the seat in utter unconsciousness. The moment Grace became unconscious on the carriage seat the woman Greene put her head out of the window of the vehicle, and said to the driver:

"All right. You may go ahead now."

The coachman at once whipped up his horses and made them go at a rapid rate of speed keeping on the river road till the last house in the outskirts of Greystone was passed. Just as the vehicle reached a point where a dense wood on one side, and the river on the other, shut out any view of human habitation, the coachman turned on his seat and spoke to the woman.

"How is she doing now?" he asked.

"Quiet as a lamb," was the reply.

"How long will she remain so, do you think?"

"Three or four hours. She got a good dose of the stuff."

"Very good. I will leave things all to you."

"Of course. You do your part, and I'll be

sure to do mine. How far is it to the house now?"

"About four miles. We can soon be there. I don't care to excite suspicion by furious driving however."

"Of course not. Take your time. She will not come to for more than four hours, I think."

The coachman then turned his attention to his horses, and kept them going at a pretty steady pace along what was known as the river road. On the way they passed a number of fine residences, in which wealthy families in New York and Philadelphia resided during the hot summer months. It was now the balmy month of June, and a number of wealthy residents had already arrived, while others were having their houses put in order for occupation. Most of the places were beautiful villas, with parks and lawns fronting the river. About five miles from Greystone was a small island in the river, containing about one acre of ground. In the center of the island was a large, gloomy-looking old house. It had been built many years before the opening of our story, and was once owned and occupied by a very wealthy Philadelphia family. But the owner committed suicide there one night, on account of a severe reverse of fortune, and the family never occupied it again. It was sadly neglected, and was permitted to fall into decay. Years later it was sold to a Greystone man, who bought it purely as a speculation—not as a residence.

The house was both large, substantial and roomy. It was built of stone, with hard-wood finish inside. The yard and garden had once been laid out in lovely walks, and the whole island blomed like the Garden of Eden. But now the place was full of weeds and bushes, with but faint vestiges of the white graveled walks remaining. Such was the place to which Grace Grant was now being carried by her heartless abductors. When the carriage reached the little pier from which the former residents of the island embarked to cross over the arm of the river, there was no boat on hand. The driver looked up and down the river, as if in search of a boy in an old skiff about half a mile up the stream.

"Just hold the horses, Ida," said the coachman, "and I'll go up there and see if I cannot buy that fellow out."

He left the carriage in charge of the woman, and made his way up the road toward a spot opposite where the boy in the skiff sat fishing, some little distance from the bank. After a little dickering he purchased the boat for ten dollars. In five minutes the boy was at the bank and holding out his hand for the money. The coachman paid the money, and took possession of the boat, and began to row down the stream. The coachman rowed down the river till he reached the spot where the woman was still guarding the horses and the unconscious girl in the carriage. There he ran the bow of the boat into the bank and sprang ashore. He soon secured the horses to a swinging limb, and then opened the door of the carriage. Grace was lying then on the seat, just as the woman had left her, looking angelic in her beauty and innocence. Taking her unconscious form in his arms, he proceeded to the boat with it. The woman followed.

"You had better get in first to hold her in

your arms," he suggested, as he stopped on the brink of the river.

"Yes, I will. Wait a moment, and the woman proceeded to get into the boat and settle herself so as to be able to hold Grace when she was delivered to her.

"Now you may hand her in," she said, and she received the unconscious girl in her arms, holding her till he could get in and row across to the island in the middle of the river. To row over to the other side was the work of but a few minutes, and then they were in the little nook where the little steam yacht of the original owner of the place used to nestle.

"We are all right now," said the man, as he arose, and, taking the small piece of rope that was attached to the boat, leaped ashore and proceeded to fasten it to a bush.

"Now give her to me," and he took Grace in his arms and bore her up the steps that led to the surface level of the yard in front of the house, followed by the woman.

They reached the house, and, having keys, entered, where the coachman led the way to a large, handsomely furnished room, all the furniture having a certain air of stateliness about it. In one corner stood a large, stately bed, on which he laid the still unconscious form of Grace Grant.

"There!" he said, as he deposited her on the bed. "I leave her now in your charge." She must not know that I have had anything to do with bringing her here. I must pretend to rescue her from your clutches some day, but which I will not do until she consents to be mine."

"I understand," said the woman. "But, say, your wig needs readjusting."

He took off his hat. The wig came off with it.

"Ah! I'll take off beard and wig both, and get 'em on right," and taking them off, he showed the handsome but wicked face of Gerald Moore.

CHAPTER VIII.—"Keep Cool, Lad, Keep Cool!"

About an hour after Grace left her home in the carriage with Mrs. Greene, a boy came to the house with a note from Fred Flame, addressed to her:

"Miss Grace," the note ran, "the foreman at the elastic corset works says that if you will call there you can secure a good place, with easy, light work, and good pay. Hoping you may find it to your liking, I am ever,

"Your true friend, Fred Flame."

Mrs. Grant met the boy at the door, and taking the note from him, said:

"My daughter is not in now. I will give her the note when she returns."

The boy said "all right," and left. Mrs. Grant took the note into her room, and laid it on the mantelpiece, to give to Grace as soon as she should return home. She never once thought to read the note, as it was sealed. But the day waned and night came on, and still Grace did not return. Supper was waited for her, and then bed-time came. She was still absent. At last, alarmed at the delay, Mrs. Grant opened the note and read it.

"Why, there is something wrong about this!" she exclaimed, turning to her husband.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Why, Grace went off in a carriage with a Mrs. Greene this morning, who brought her a note from Mr. Flame, telling her where she could get work. An hour later a boy came here with this note. If this came from Fred Flame then the other did not. Here, read this, and see what you think of it," and she handed him the note.

The father did so, and was as much worried as his wife. He hurried on his coat and hat and hastened up to Fred's quarters. He found the gallant young fireman at home, and lost no time in explaining the situation to him.

"Why, I don't know any Mrs. Greene," said Fred, "nor did I send any carriage after her. There's smething wrong, Mr. Grant."

The father turned pale as death, and spoke in a faltering voice.

"What do you think is the matter?" he asked.

"God only knows," answered Fred. "She is so beautiful that she is in constant danger."

He went down to the Grant cottage with the unhappy father, and found Mrs. Grant suffering under the greatest suspense imaginable. She knew nothing about the note the woman had brought to Grace.

"Grace probably put it in the pocket of her dress," she said. "Oh, Mr. Flame, do you think any harm has come to my child?"

"I don't know what to think, ma'am," he answered, shaking his head. "But this I do know, that if a hair of her head is harmed I will kill the villain that does it."

The mother shuddered and burst into tears, and wrung her hands in an agonizing suspense.

"I'll find her, or die trying," said Fred. "Keep up a brave heart," and he shook hands with both of them. "I will go at once to the chief of police and tell him all about it. We may find her before morning, or soon after. Try to be patient."

Fred went to the office of the chief of police, and found that that official had gone home—as it was now midnight. But he found one of the captains in charge, and to him he told the story of Grace Grant's mysterious disappearance. The officer promised to do all in his power to find out where she was, though he said he had no clew to guide him in the search.

"I'll try to trace the carriage, though that is something but few people take any notice of in the streets," he said.

"Yes, I know that. But we must find her, captain. Grace Grant has a friend in every man in Greystone. If there is a villain at the bottom of this thing woe be unto him. The firemen would tear him limb from limb."

With that the daring young fireman left the station and returned to his quarters. But there was no sleep for him that night. He paced his room all through the long hours. Not until that night did Fred really know his own feelings in regard to the young girl. He knew that he liked her, but the strength and depth of his passion for her surprised him. Then he knew in his soul that he loved her, and that she was henceforth to be the light of his life—the idol of his heart. The next morning he was up bright and early, and on his way to the Grant cottage. He found Mrs. Grant looking haggard

and wearied. She had not slept a minute during the night.

"Oh, have you any hope, Mr. Flame?" she cried, on seeing him.

"Yes, ma'am, I am full of hope. The police are at work, and they will soon find her."

"Oh, what can be the matter, what can be the matter?" she cried, wringing her hands and pacing the floor in an agony of suspense. Her distress was more than Fred could stand. It unmanned him, and so he went away to visit old Ben Singleton, the sturdy old blacksmith and ex-fireman.

"Ah, lad!" exclaimed old Ben, grasping his hand in his sooty palm. "What's troubling you now, eh?"

"Grace Grant has disappeared, and her mother is nearly dead with grief," was the reply.

Old Ben listened, as the boy told him the story, leaning on his hammer and looking Fred full in the face.

"You love her, lad, eh?" he asked, when Fred had finished speaking. "Speak up, lad. You know old Ben is your best friend."

"Yes," said Fred, "I do love her better than my own soul."

"So I thought. Now, lad, do you know anyone who would like to take her away from you?"

Fred started as if stung. He saw the drift of the question, and then a flood of thought swept through his brain.

"Ben," he gasped, "do you think he could be at the bottom of it?"

"Yes, lad; someone must be at the bottom of it, you know. Who but one who wanted her would try to get her in his power?"

"I would kill him in cold blood, Ben."

"That wouldn't do, lad. I don't want to see you behind prison bars for murder. Just keep cool, and we'll have both her and the villain."

"But how can I keep cool when——"

"Tut, tut, lad! I've seen you keep as cool as ice in the midst of a red-hot fire."

"Yes. When the fire was outside of me. Now it's raging in here," and he struck his breast as he spoke.

"Yes, I know. But your head is all right. Keep cool, lad, keep cool."

CHAPTER IX.—Fred's Terrible Threat.

After adjusting his wig and false beard in the old stone mansion on the island, Gerald Moore turned to the woman Greene and said:

"I will hasten back to the carriage and drive to the city as quick as possible. She will not be missed till quite late to-night, when it will be too late to make any search for her. I will return the carriage to the owner and change my disguise so it can never be traced to me. In the morning I will send Sam out with provisions, and his old fiend of a wife will come with him. They will work around the place and be cleaning up every day, as if to prepare it for occupancy. But under no circumstances must anyone else be allowed to come on the island. Let her have the run of the house, but don't let her get down near the water, or she may hail some boys or men fishing. You know how to manage her, however."

He then left the house and went down to the little basin, where the old skiff he had bought from the boy fisherman was waiting for him. He entered and rowed over to the other side.

"Ah, I forgot one thing. I've no one over here to take charge of this boat. Ida could never row it across, and she would not undertake it. Hanged if I won't have to leave it here till Sam comes out to-morrow. If it is stolen he will have to buy another one, that's all."

There being no other course for him, he tied the boat to a bush on the river bank, and left it there.

"Maybe it will stay here twenty-four hours, anyhow," he said, "and if it does Sam can take care of it the rest of the time, I guess."

Then, mounting the driver's seat, he cracked his whip, and went speeding along toward Greystone as fast as he had come. The sun was just sinking behind the western horizon when he drove up to the livery stable, sprang down to the ground, and called for the owner of the premises. The man came out. Gerald turned over the carriage, and received his deposit, which Gerald carefully counted over to see if the money was all there. The livery man took his pay, and ordered the carriage to be put away. Gerald then walked off, and in a narrow alleyway farther down the street took off both beard and wig, and once more appeared in his proper personality. After changing his clothes, Gerald Moore lost no time in hunting up a certain man who passed by the name of Sam Stewart. He lived down by the river below the great factories, and kept himself ready to do service of a certain kind from anyone who would pay for it. He had frequently done service for Gerald Moore, who held it in his power to send him to State prison whenever he chose to do so. Under the cover of darkness, then, the rich young man made his way among the shanties down on the river bank, till he came to the one occupied by the Stewarts. There he rapped gently on the door, and a gruff voice said:

"Come in!"

He pushed the door open without further ceremony and walked in.

"By gum!" exclaimed a brawny-looking man, who was sitting at a supper table in his shirt sleeves, "it's the boss, Jane. Give him a chair. Glad to see yer, boss. Have a seat."

"I am glad to find you both at home, Sam," said Gerald, taking a chair near the table, "for I have something for both of you to do."

"That's the thing I've been wantin' ter hear this two months; boss," said Sam, quaffing a cup of coffee.

"Do you want to go out into the country for a few weeks, with plenty to do and good pay?"

"Yes."

The woman was silent. She was content to let the men make the bargain, as she knew she would have to abide by their conclusions.

"I have bought the island up the river about five miles, where the old stone mansion stands, and am going to occupy it a few weeks this season. I want you and Mrs. Stewart to go up there and help put the old place in order—Mrs. Stewart to look after the house, and you, Sam, to put the yard and shrubbery in some kind of shape. You will find Mrs. Ida Greene and a young lady there already. The former has en-

tire charge. You will obey her in everything. Your chief duty will be to keep visitors away, and see that no one leaves the island without Mrs. Greene's consent. Do you drop, Sam?"

"Yes, sir—clear to the bottom," said the brawny fellow. "When do you want me to go there?"

"Early to-morrow. You are to take out a supply of provisions with you. I told Ida I would send you out, so she will expect both of you."

It was soon arranged, and when Gerald Moore went away he left banknotes to a considerable amount in the itching palm of Sam Stewart. On the morrow Sam Stewart found a wagon waiting for him, well loaded with supplies. He and his wife entered it, and were driven out of Greystone and up the river road at a rapid pace. A few hours after Sam Stewart and his wife left town—about noon—Gerald Moore was seen walking down a narrow street that led to the shop of old Ben Singleton. Just where he was going is immaterial. He met Fred Flame face to face, and was about to pass him without speaking, when the young fireman stopped and confronted him.

"Gerald Moore," said Fred, looking him full in the eyes, "I want to speak to you a moment."

"I have no time to talk now," said Gerald in a rather sneering tone, and was about to pass on.

"You have plenty of time, sir," Fred remarked, very sternly. "Grace Grant has been abducted from her home, and my name was used to entice her into a carriage. I don't know whether or not you are at the bottom of it. But if you are I will tear your cowardly treacherous heart out of you!"

"Your threats don't concern me, Fred Flame," was the haughty reply. "Is that all you wished to say to me?"

"Yes—that's all. You may go now."

"Oh, you give me permission to go, do you?" with a sneer. "Won't you give me a written permission to go about the streets of—"

Ding—dong! Ding—dong! Ding—dong! went the great fire-bell on the tower, and Fred sprang forward as if shot out of a mortar, brushing against Gerald so hard as to send him rolling in the middle of the street.

CHAPTER X.—Old Ben to the Rescue Again.

As he sent Gerald Moore rolling in the dust young Flame sped away toward the engine house at the top of his speed. He did not even once look back to see if he had done any damage; nor did he care, as he had the desire strong in him to knock the young man down every time he saw him. When he reached the engine house the company was almost ready to rush out and away to the fire. He sprang for his fireman's hat and red shirt. By the time he donned them the rush was made and away they went like an avalanche.

"Out of the way!" cried Fred through his trumpet, as he ran ahead of the machine. The people rushed to the sidewalks to give them a free passage to the scene of conflagration. The fire was in the suburbs of the town—a large, fine mansion having caught fire through the carelessness of a servant. Such was the rapid

spread of the flames and the great distance from the engine house, that it had gotten utterly beyond the control of the firemen when they arrived. A young lady—the daughter of the house—was running to and fro, swinging her arms and wildly screaming.

"Save my mother! Save my mother!"

"Where is she?" Fred quickly demanded of her.

"In that corner room up there!"

Fred glanced up to the windows, and saw dense volumes of flame and smoke issuing from them.

"Too late!" he muttered, shaking his head.

"There is no one alive in that room. It's already a heated furnace."

But a moment later he cried out to the ladder man:

"Up with the ladder to that window, quick! Up with it! On with the water!"

The moment the ladder struck the house Fred sprang upon it, and ran up with the nimbleless of the squirrel. One reaching the window he was appalled at the terrible heat that issued from within. But he was not the man to back down from a place like that when a woman was inside roasting to death. So he sprang through the window. His feet came in contact with a human form. His instinct told him that it was the young lady's mother, who had fallen as she tried to gain the window. To stoop and snatch her up in his arms was the work of a single moment. To climb back out on the ladder again was the work of another moment. But when he reappeared at the window his clothing, as well as that of the unconscious lady he held in his arms, was on fire. They were burning in a dozen places.

"Play the hose on me!" cried Fred through his trumpet.

The hoseman immediately turned the nozzle in such a way as to throw a stream of water above him, so it would fall back upon him like a gentle shower. Then, as he began to descend, a fireman ran up the ladder and took the lady out of his arms. It was Joe Paterson, a daring fellow, who had often followed him into the very jaws of death. Together they returned to the foot of the ladder, when a cheer greeted them like a roar of the sea in a storm. The police rushed in and took charge of both her and her daughter, who had fainted. The moment he was relieved of the care of the woman, our young hero turned his attention to the fire, and continued to fight it as long as a coal remained. About one-half of the building was rescued from the fiery element, and the walls saved intact.

The lady whom he took from the burning building was the mistress of the house—the wife of Judge Mitchell, one of the wealthiest citizens of Greystone. She was badly burned, but not fatally. His prompt rescue saved her life, as she had fallen near the window, overcome by the heat and smoke. One or two minutes longer there would have been the last of her. She was carried into the house of a neighbor, and the family physician sent for. In the meantime the brave firemen returned to their quarters, where Fred was cheered again and again for having saved another life. On his way back from the engine house Gerald Moore, accompanied by two burly-looking fellows, accosted Fred.

"You ran over me three hours ago," he said, "and I mean to have satisfaction."

"How?"

"You'll see," and he made an attempt to strike him.

Fred instinctively knew that the two burly strangers with him were hired bullies employed to give him a beating. He thereupon made up his mind what to do. He warded off Gerald's blow and promptly knocked him down. The other two then rushed upon him like a couple of savage tigers. Springing nimbly aside, he kept out of the way so as not to allow them to get hold of him.

"Stand to 'em lad!" suddenly cried a gruff voice, and Fred knew that bluff old Ben Singleton was coming to his assistance. "I'll see fair play."

Old Ben rushed up and began to entertain one of the men.

"I ain't got nothin' agin you," said the villain, not wishing to tackle the old blacksmith.

"You ain't, eh? Well, I've got a grudge against you, and I'm going to lick you. There, now! How's that?" and he laid the rascal out at full length on the ground.

Having but one to contend with, our hero pranced in and was giving him a great deal more than he had bargained for, when the police came up to put a stop to it. Old Ben saw them coming, and wishing to do a little more work before they stopped him, he lifted his man up, got his head in chancery, and was pounding it when the police arrested him. Gerald Moore had slipped away the moment he saw old Ben appear on the scene. The police carried all four men to the police station. Both Fred and the blacksmith objected to being locked up.

"I was attacked on the street by three men," said Fred, "and while defending myself, Mr. Singleton came to my assistance. Now, why should I be locked up?"

The judge of the police court was sent for, and he came and gave them a hearing. Fred told his story, which was corroborated by two other witnesses.

"You are discharged," said the judge to our two heroes. "The other two prisoners are remanded till to-morrow morning. Mr. Flame, please make a complaint against Gerald Moore for assault and battery."

"I'd rather not do that, judge," said our hero, "as I warded off his blow and knocked him down. I am satisfied."

"But this court is not satisfied. Justice wants a hand in this business, and is going to have it."

Fred made the complaint, and a warrant was issued for Moore's arrest. He was arrested two hours later, and held in bail to appear in court the next morning. When he was confronted by the young fireman, he made a counterchange that Fred had knocked him down that morning, and that the trouble all grew out of that. Fred explained how it happened, and the court believed him, though a very able lawyer argued that he should not be believed, because Moore had recently discharged Flame from his employ. At that Fred sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Gerald Moore, if you don't make your lawyer take that back I'll explain to the court why I resigned my place in your shop. I was not discharged."

"Withdraw it," said Gerald to his lawyer, his

face as white as a sheet, to the great astonishment of the court.

The judge then fined him heavily, and the case ended.

Gerald swore after he left the court that he would be revenged for his humiliation.

Judge Mitchell called on Fred the day after and wanted him to go in partnership in a tool factory. As the judge knew nothing about the business all would devolve upon Fred. Of course Fred was delighted with the prospect and readily agreed to enter into the partnership. The next day papers of copartnership were signed by Fred and the judge. Friends of Fred as soon as they learned of his good luck hastened to congratulate him.

In the meantime Fred was following every clue to discover the hiding place of Grace. In his search for clues he happened to roam to the river bank opposite the island upon which was the deserted house. To his surprise he perceived a wreath of smoke ascending from the chimney. He looked for some means of getting across to the island, but not finding it he proceeded to swim across. Arriving at the island, he crept up behind the house and close under an open window. He heard voices in the tones of a man and a woman. Soon the door opened and a man and woman came out and went in different directions around the house. Then another came out and Fred recognized him as Gerald Moore, in disguise.

Fred had also adopted a disguise. He had not been seen. A little later the blinds of a second story window rattled, and on looking up Fred was astonished to hear Grace's voice say:

"Here I am, Fred. But you must look out, for I see them coming back."

"I will go now, but I will soon rescue you from these villains."

Fred darted around the house and was soon out of sight.

After a while the man who went out with the woman returned and seated himself on a chopping block with his back to Fred. An axe was beside the block.

Fred quietly crawled up without attracting the man's attention, seized the axe and brought the back of it down on the man's head, knocking him senseless. Then he seized a clothes line off the posts and tied him up, also disarming him.

CHAPTER XI.—Fred Conquers the Island.

"Now for the old woman," said our hero, taking up the axe, and, starting toward the kitchen, he saw the old hag go out of the window and run for the river.

Then he knew she had seen him disposing of the man, whose name was Stevens, and set out to save herself.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" cried he, rushing to the window.

That might have stopped a man, but not a woman. On the contrary, it caused her to run faster. She fairly flew over the ground, and in another moment was in the little boat. Seizing an oar, she was off in a minute, going down the stream.

"God help us!" gasped Fred. "She is going

off with the boat! How can I get Grace to the other side without a boat! Stop—stop! I will do you no harm if you will come back. I only want the boat!"

But she would not listen to him. She plied the oars so steadily that in another minute she was out of range of his pistol.

"By the fairies!" exclaimed Fred. "She has gotten away with it! I'll have to get her over some other way."

He saw the old woman at least half a mile down the river, and then turned away, going back to where he had left Stevens. That individual was the worst surprised man ever seen. He had come to, and was wondering what ailed him when our hero returned.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means that Grace Grant will be free in a few minutes," said Fred, "and you are a dead man if you don't keep quiet. Do you understand me?"

"Yes; but who are you?"

"I am Fred Flame," and he pulled off the beard and wig, in which he had been disguised, and faced the dumfounded villain.

CHAPTER XII.—The Lovers Triumph—Fred Is Master of the Island.

On hearing the name of the young fireman, whose daring exploits had been talked of so much in and about Greystone, the hardened villain turned pale as death. He knew Fred by sight, having often seen him, in his fireman's red shirt and hat, rushing through the streets, at the head of his engine, but did not dream that it was he in disguise.

"What does this mean?" he again asked of Fred. "I've done you no harm that I know of."

"Well, no; you haven't," replied Fred. "But she is my sweetheart," and he pointed up at the old stone mansion, "and I think you knew that, and that's why you were so particular to keep all intruders off the island. Have you got the key to the house?"

"No. Ida has it."

"And she has gone."

"Gone! Gone where?" Stevens asked, turning whiter than ever, if possible.

"Down the river. It seems she saw me tying you up, for when I entered the kitchen door to interview her, she went out of the window. She was quite lively in her movements, and made the boat with a 2.40 speed. I tried to stop her, but she pulled like an old sailor, and got away."

Stevens did not utter another word, and Fred, after examining his cords once more to see that they were all right, took up the axe and started toward the house. Arriving at the door—the one he had seen Gerald Moore open with a key—he raised the axe and dealt it a resounding blow. It reverberated through the old mansion, and ere the echo of the first blow had died away another followed. The door shook, but was not yet down. Fred had wielded an axe in battering down doors before, and knew where the blows would do the most good. One, two, three, four blows, and the lock gave way. He sprang inside, and found himself at the foot of a flight of stairs. With-

out stopping to get any other bearing, he sprang up the stairs, clearing three or four steps at a bound. At the top of the stairs he turned to the right and found a door. Something told him that it was all that stood between him and the girl he loved better than his own life. Rushing forward, he grasped the bolt and tried to open it. It resisted his effort.

"Are you in there, Grace?" he asked.

"Yes, I am in here," she said.

"Stand clear, then, till I break it down," he called, and he heard her retreat to the farther end of the room.

Then he raised the axe and dealt stalwart blows upon the door. It trembled and shook under the terrific blows, and at last gave way. Down went the axe.

"Oh, Fred!"

"Grace, my darling!"

"I knew you would come, Fred," she said, as soon as she could get her lips away from his. "My heart assured me that you loved me and would come to my rescue. But let's leave here at once." And she started for the door.

Fred went along by her side, and in another moment they were down in the yard in the rear of the house.

"There's the man who was in charge of the island," said Fred, pointing to Stevens, lying at the foot of the tree where Fred had left him.

Grace ran to the man, and peered down at him with an eagerness that caused Fred to ask:

"Do you know him?"

"I wanted to see if he was the one who drove the carriage."

"Well, is he?"

"I am unable to say."

"Well, he was engaged in the business anyhow," said Fred, "and that's enough to get him into State's prison."

"I'll tell all if——"

"I know it all now," said Fred, interrupting him. "You need not tell me anything at all."

"Fred, let's go away from here," said Grace, looking anxiously around. "It will soon be night, and we must get back home."

"Stevens," said Fred, "is there another boat on the island?"

"No; that was the only one."

"Then I will find one on the other side, somewhere," and the brave young fireman started off towards the river. Grace was at his side, holding to his hand.

"There are fishermen's boats up and down the river. I can swim over there and hunt till I find one. Then I will return, and——"

"Why, I would plunge into the river and drown myself, rather than stay here one minute without you. Oh, let me swim over with you!"

"What! Can you swim?"

"I believe I can. If you will hold me, I can keep up all the way over."

"But you will be drenched, and we have to walk to some house to get a conveyance to town."

"Why, I am neither sugar nor salt," she said, laughing. "There is no danger of my melting or dissolving in the water. You will find me just the same on the other side, only not quite so dry."

"Then I will swim you across."

He led her down to the little dock, near where the little boat had been tied. There he clasped her hand in his, and said:

"Now, jump with me!"

They both made a spring, and into the river they plunged. The waters of the Susquehanna rolled over them, and onward toward the sea.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Return Home.

It was fortunate for our hero and heroine that he was a good swimmer. It was slow but sure, and in some twenty minutes they struck the right bank of the river.

"Saved!" she said, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him.

They turned toward the road and walked rapidly down that way. A large farmhouse, or country residence, was about a quarter of a mile in advance of them. Twilight came on, and as they went toward the front door of the house lights within showed that they were in time for supper. Fred knocked on the door, and a man came forward.

"Can you send us to town in a vehicle of any kind to-night, sir?" Fred asked.

"Well, I might if it's an urgent case," was the reply. "Will you walk in?"

"Thanks, sir, but we are dripping wet, and might damage your carpets. We are just out of the river, and——"

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the man, "what has happened?"

"An accident," replied Fred, "and if you will hasten a team, you will relieve the anxiety of this young lady's mother very much."

"Does her mother know of the accident?"

"She has been grieving for her several days, and——"

"Ah, she is Miss Grant, is she not?"

"Yes, sir, and I am Fred Flame. Can you send us to town right away?"

"Why, bless my soul, yes! Come right in! Don't mind the carpets! You must have some supper! Sarah! Sarah! Come here!"

The man's wife came forward, and in another minute had heard the story of the swim across the river. All her sympathies were aroused, to say nothing of the tincture of romance in her nature, and she insisted that Grace should have a change of clothes and a hot supper before she went on to town. Such kindness could not be refused, and so Grace was led into a private room, where the lady of the house placed her wardrobe at her disposal. The dress did not fit her as her own did, but it made little difference under the circumstances, as it made her feel so comfortable. As for Fred, he would not make any change. He thanked the kind-hearted farmer all the same, and said he would eat with Grace and then go on. The supper was hot and tempting, and by the time they were through a carriage was at the door waiting for them.

"Oh, I thank you ever so much, Mrs. Grover," said Grace, kissing the kind lady as she started to leave. "I shall never forget your kindness."

"My dear child," returned the motherly Mrs. Grover, "I am so glad you came to us. I hope you will experience no ill effects from the exposure."

"Thanks, ma'am. I am quite sure that I will not. I am not easily made ill. Good-night."

Fred showed her out and assisted her into the

carriage. Then he got in by her side and closed the door, and the driver cracked his whip over the horses. Away went the carriage over the hard, smooth road. The clear starlight was bright enough to enable them to go with good speed. In a little while the lights of Greystone came in sight. Houses here and there flitted by, and then the hard pavements of the city streets were reached. Fred leaned out of the carriage window, and gave the driver notice where to go.

"Oh, you don't know how happy I feel, dear Fred," said Grace, as the carriage rolled down the street toward her humble cottage home.

"At the prospect of meeting your parents—yes, I know you are, dear," said Fred, "and I can't blame you, for they love you very dearly."

"Indeed, I know they do. But, do you know, I really can't find it in my heart to have any resentment toward Gerald Moore for what he has done."

"Why not?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Because it has given me your love, Fred."

"But I loved you before!"

"Yes, but you would not have told me of it so soon. Oh, Fred, you don't know how happy your love has made me!"

"You cannot be happier than I am, dear," he said, drawing her to him and kissing her. "You will be my wife, will you not?"

"Yes, and will make you as happy as my whole heart's devotion can."

"I know you will, and I shall always try to make you happy."

"Love me always, Fred, and I shall always be happy."

"That I will do, Grace. Ah! here we are. There's a light in the front room. Somebody has called."

The stopping of a carriage in front of the Grant cottage caused the inmates to run out to see what it meant. Mrs. Grant was the first one at the door.

"Mother!"

"My child!"

Mother and daughter were locked in each other's arms. The happy father clasped both in his manly arms, and all three shed tears of joy.

"Why, Fred, my boy!" exclaimed another man, rushing out of the house, and grasping our hero by the hand. "You have found her! I knew you would do it! I know you would!" and the old blacksmith wrung her hand till he winced.

"Yes, I found her," returned Fred, "and now she has promised to be mine. I've won her, old man."

"Oh, I knew you would do that, my lad. I knew you two would hitch some day. She is just the girl for you. Just the girl for you."

Just then Mr. Grant rushed to our hero and caught his hands. Tears were streaming down his face.

"We owe you a debt of gratitude, Fred Flame," he faltered, "which we can never pay."

"In that case, then," said Fred, "I will levy on the girl and take her. She will offset the debt a thousandfold."

"Then take her, and my blessing go with her!"

That settles it!" exclaimed the old blacksmith, as the entire party went into the house.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! went the great fire-

bell, and Fred and the old blacksmith turned and looked at each other. Grace also wheeled and glanced at Fred. She looked to see if he were going to run to the fire. She started. She sprang forward, caught him, kissed him, and said:

"My heart and soul go with you!"

The next moment he was gone.

* * * * *

When the old woman went off from the island on the boat, after Fred's capture of Stevens, she made her way quickly as she could back to Greystone, and made her way to a four-story, dingy-looking old frame house. She went upstairs three flights, and pushed open a door without even going through the ceremony of knocking for admission, and there, as luck would have it, she saw Gerald Moore in company of a man and woman whom she addressed as Mag and Jim. This man she had intended to send for young Moore to inform him how things stood. She hurriedly narrated the incidents of the day, and Moore was furious.

"Jim," he said, "as Ida has taken the only boat there, that man must be there yet. He must not be permitted to escape alive. I'll give you ten thousand dollars to fix him. I'll go with you—my carriage will take four men easily, and quickly. What say you?"

"Done! I'm your man!"

"Get your men, and come here as soon as you can."

Jim ran out of the room and went bounding down the stairs at a breakneck speed. Shortly after his departure an explosion in one of the rooms below was heard, and then a scrambling and rushing of feet followed. A minute or two later a series of screams was heard on the stairs, and then Gerald Moore said:

"Something is wrong. I smell smoke. The house is on fire!"

He sprang to the door and opened it. The hall and stairway were dense with black, stifling smoke. The smoke burst into the room, and the two women began screaming. All three dashed out into the corridor, and sought to make their exit by way of the stairs. But the smoke and flames drove them back. The building was burning like a tinder-box. Once more in the room, Gerald Moore had the presence of mind to close the door to keep out the smoke. Both women became frantic, and raved like lunatics.

"Keep quiet and wait for the firemen's ladders," said Gerald. "They will soon be here. They are company now. I hear their bells. Keep quiet, and they'll save us."

The women looked out of the windows and saw the gallant firemen hurry up the ladders. One of the ladders rose to Mag's window, and a gallant fireman ran up to assist the inmates out. He sprang inside, and the next moment Gerald Moore and Fred Flame stood face to face.

CHAPTER XIV.—Death of Gerald Moore.

"Ah, we meet again, Gerald Moore," said Fred, glancing at his whilom employer and the woman who had escaped from the island. "I suppose she has told you the news from up the river?"

The villain made no reply. The flames were eating their way into the room through the thin

wooden partition, and the heat was becoming intense. Both guilty wretches looked at the crackling walls and then glanced at the window where the ladder invited escape. Mag the mistress of the apartment, waited no longer. She uttered a piercing scream, and sprang to the window. Ida gave an echoing scream and followed her. Both women climbed out of the window and down the ladder with a haste that betokened their terror. Fred ran to the window, and looked at them descending the ladder. Then, placing his trumpet to his lips, he cried out:

"Arrest the elder woman, and hold her!"

Gerald Moore heard and understood him. He knew that all was up with him in regard to Grace Grant—that exposure, disgrace, and State prison awaited him. Rendered desperate by the perils that menaced him, he drew his knife and made a rush at the young fireman, resolved to kill him and have him perish with him in the flames. Fred wheeled round just in time to save himself. He found Gerald almost on him, with knife upraised. Raising his trumpet, he struck his arm such a blow as to knock the knife from his hand.

"Coward!" hissed Fred. "I came here to save life, but you shall roast here and hereafter!" and with that he gave him a terrific blow between the eyes that sent him reeling and staggering back against the wall.

But in another moment Moore recovered, and, with a yell like that of a lost soul, he sprang forward and clutched the brave young fireman. In his desperation he had the strength of a giant, and Fred felt that he was being pushed toward the window. A fall to the ground was certain death. It was what Moore was trying to do—to fall out of the window with him. Fred divined his object, and by a quick movement tripped him. He fell heavily to the floor. Still in his desperation Moore clung to him. He would not be shaken off. Fred realized that he had a desperate madman to deal with. Though he had thrown him to the floor he could not get away from him, and every moment the fierce flames threatened to break through the thin walls and consume them. Already the heat was becoming unbearable. In his desperation the young fireman beat him over the head with his trumpet. Blood flowed, and in a moment or two Moore's head and face were covered with gore.

"Save me! Mercy! Mercy! Don't kill me!" he cried, as he saw he was getting the worst of it.

"Never! You shall die the death of a dog!" cried Fred, grasping his throat and clutching it in a vise-like grip. "You would ruin Grace, and then tried to murder me!"

Gerald Moore writhed like a serpent on the floor in the grasp of his relentless enemy. He ceased struggling, and lay almost still. The flames at last burst through the thin partition and hissed around the room, devouring everything in it. Fred sprang to his feet, seized Moore in his arms and hurled him through the opening into the seething cauldron of flame beyond. Then he sprang toward the window and climbed out onto the ladder, just as Joe Patterson came up to look after him. An angry, hissing tongue of flame reached out after him.

"There's no one in here," he said to Joe, as he recognized the fireman.

"Come down yourself, then," said Joe.

They both came down the ladder together, and the multitude, anxious and uneasy about him, made the welkin ring with their shouts. When he reached the ground he learned that a dozen women and children had been saved by other firemen on the other ladder. The old building was now past all hope of saving anything in it or of it, and attention was devoted to the prevention of the spreading of the flames. Fred continued to superintend the operations of the firemen until the fire was subdued, and left a bed of charred coals. Then he ordered them back to their quarters. As he was turning to leave the scene of the fire a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"You ordered a woman arrested as she came down the ladder. What shall we do with her, and what did she do?"

"Oh, yes! I would have forgotten her. Yes, I'll go to the station-house with you and make a charge against her."

He went along with the officer, and on the way overtook her in charge of another officer. The moment she saw him she said:

"Mr. Flame, I want to say something to you privately."

"Say anything you please," said Fred.

"But I want to tell you something privately," she repeated.

"I don't wish to keep any secrets with you," he said.

"But it's to your interest and the interest of a lady."

"You must speak to me only in the presence of others," said he, after a moment or two of deliberation.

"I want to tell you something you don't know—something about Mr. Moore."

"Gerald Moore is dead. I don't wish to know anything about his secrets. His God will deal with him now."

"My God!" gasped the woman, and then she sank down to the ground in a death-like swoon.

"Hello!" exclaimed the officer, trying to keep her up on her feet. "She is going off in a faint!"

They let her lie on the sidewalk till a vehicle could be procured, and then she was conveyed to the station-house. There Fred made his charges against her, and she was locked up in a cell, after restoratives had been administered by a physician. The old blacksmith had kept an eye on our hero all the evening. He felt sure that Gerald Moore would try to have him laid out during the evening. He did not know that Moore was himself laid out and done for; nor did he know that very day had seen Gerald bargaining with two men who had twice before attempted Fred's life. Hence he kept an eye on the brave young fireman, and held himself in readiness to go to his assistance, if necessary. After leaving the station-house, Fred started to return to his quarters. The house was quite late, and most of those who had run to the fire had retired to their homes. As he turned into the little street that led to his quarters, two men rushed out upon him with upraised knives in their hands. Fortunately Fred heard their footsteps, and a feeling that foretold danger urged him to spring out into the middle of the street. They followed him with savage fury, and would have had him at

their mercy, had he not been armed with the same weapons he had carried all the day up the river.

"Stand where you are," he ordered.

They hissed something, and rushed upon him.

"Crack!" went his revolver, and the foremost villain staggered forward and fell dead at his feet.

The other one stopped as if appalled at the fate of his pal.

"Hold up your hands!" demanded Fred.

The villain turned on his heels and fled down the street. Fred took deliberate aim at him and fired. A yell burst from the wretch, and the next moment he fell on his face, and lay like a dead man.

CHAPTER XV.—The End of the Wicked is Death.

"That's right, lad!" cried the old blacksmith. "I saw it all. Bully for you!"

"Ah! Is it you, old man! I'm glad you saw it."

"What's the trouble here?" demanded the policeman who had been attracted by the shots.

"Two men shot," said old Ben.

"Two men shot! Who did it?"

"I did," said Fred.

"I shall have to arrest you," said the officer.

Fred went with him to the station house, where the chief of police was amazed at hearing that he had shot and killed two of the worst characters that ever infested the town.

"I saw him do it," said old Ben. "They rushed at him with knives, after laying for him in the dark."

"Yes—I know him well enough to know just how it was. I won't lock you up, Fred. On the contrary, I want to thank you for ridding us of the rascals. Give me your word that you will report here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning and you may go to your quarters."

"Thank you, chief," said Fred; "I will be on hand to the minute," and he shook hands with the chief and left the station-house.

"You've done good work to-night, lad," said old Ben on the way back to his quarters.

"Yes, I think I have," he replied.

"What do you mean by saying that Moore was dead?" the old man asked.

"I mean that he was dead," was the reply.

"Why, how did it happen?" the astonished old blacksmith asked.

"He was up in that room when I climbed in at the window," replied Fred.

"Ah! don't say another word, lad. I don't want to hear it," said the old man. "God is just, and the wicked get caught every time," and he grasped the young fireman's hand in his, and silently pressed it in token of his warm friendship with and friendship for him.

They parted at the door, and our hero went up to his room and retired to bed. When he awoke the next morning he found the papers teeming with the incidents of the night before. As Moore was a rich man, belonging to a rich family and a member of the firm of Moore & Son, great interest centered in his fate. The family sent for a detective, and instructed him to find out what

had become of him. The detective went at once to Ida Greene and asked her when she had last seen him. In her fear and desperation she said:

"I left him and Fred Flame standing face to face when I climbed out of the window of that burning house last night."

"Good Heavens! what was he going there last night?"

"He came to see me on business. I sent for him. The fire broke out in the rooms below while he was there, and spread so rapidly as to cut off his retreat."

"Did you see them strike any blows?"

"No; they merely glared at each other, and didn't say a word."

She lied, but she knew that she was in Fred's power, and didn't care to say anything to make him more her enemy than he already was. Now that Moore was out of the way—and she fully believed that he was, knowing the great wrong he had done Fred—she had no one to defend her with money and influence. The detective left Ida Greene in her cell and went in search of the brave young fireman. He found him in his room with several friends, who had called to congratulate him on his escape from the two men who had made such a murderous assault on him the night before.

"Mr. Flame," said the detective, in the presence of the whole party, "will you tell me when you saw Gerald Moore last?"

"Yes, I will. I saw him up in that burning building last night," was his reply.

"So I heard. What was he doing?"

"Well, he was doing his best to kill me, I believe. I saved myself by throwing him into the fire."

The others were amazed. They had not heard that part of the chapter of incidents of the night before. The detective looked grave and said:

"So you killed three men last night, did you?"

"Yes, I think I did—three as big rascals as ever cursed Greystone with their presence."

"I shall have to arrest you for——"

"I'll be hanged if you do!" exclaimed Joe Patterson, springing to his feet. "Fred shall not be arrested for killing such a scoundrel as Moore was!"

The detective knew very well he couldn't get him, and hence made no effort to arrest him.

"I will be in the police court at ten o'clock," Fred remarked, "and you can see me there."

The detective went out to report that Fred had acknowledged that he killed Gerald Moore and defied arrest. The family sent their lawyer to swear out a warrant. But the magistrate simply told the lawyer that he would not grant the warrant until he could learn more about it. The lawyer thought the judge was right, and he knew that the whole community were of one opinion about the matter. So he went back to Moore and told him what the judge had said. He bowed his head in shame and grief, and said he would not press the matter any further. Ida Greene, thinking to save herself from the full penalty of her crime, made a confession, and told everything she knew about the abduction.

Stevens escaped from the island about midnight. Jim and Mag hastened to his rescue when they saw that Ida Greene had been arrested at

Fred's instance. When the officers came there for him, they found that the house had been robbed of everything of value. There was not much of value there, however, and no one cared anything about it. But the battered doors which had suffered under the axe in Fred's hands attracted attention, as did the room in which Grace had been a prisoner. Then the old place was again left alone in its gloomy solitude.

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

As might well have been expected, the rescue of Grace Grant from her gloomy prison on the island, couple with the incidents that followed, caused the good people of Greystone to regard the young fireman as one of the luckiest men in the town. Nor was Grace any the less a central figure in the place. She was regarded with envy by more than half the young ladies of Greystone, for some four or five men had lost their lives on her account. It had leaked out that she was the object, all along, of Gerald Moore's desires, and that was why he tried so hard to get Fred out of the way. Then, again, she had won the most gallant and daring of all the firemen in the town. How fortunate they thought she was! Ere the excitement subsided, the man who had agreed to go into copartnership with him in the manufacturing of tools of every description, came to him and said:

"I think we can buy out Moore & Son. Shall we do it?"

"He wouldn't sell to me, I am quite sure," replied Fred.

"Nor to me either, as to that matter," said the judge. "But we can get an agent to buy for us. What do you think the business worth?"

Fred had to do some thinking for several minutes. Then he gave his answer, naming a certain sum. The judge went away, and sent an agent to try and buy out Moore. He believed that, under the circumstances, the elder Moore would be glad to sell out and move away from Greystone. He had not made any mistake in his calculations. The father of Gerald Moore was heartbroken. He wanted to sell out and retire from business. The offer of the judge's agent was promptly accepted, and in twenty-four hours the sale was made and the money paid. Then the new owner's names went up over the door—another surprise to the public. The old blacksmith was installed as foreman of the forge department. He was more at home than anywhere else, and was the right man for the place.

The business went on at once, and was in full blast in less than a week after the transfer was made. All the old hands in the shops were rejoiced that Fred was back again, though as a proprietor instead of a workman. They well knew what kind of a master he would make. A few days after he became a manufacturer he called on Grace Grant at the home of her parents. She received him as she ought—with a hug and a kiss, in the presence of both parents. He returned her caress like the gallant lover he was. Then he said to her father:

"I am able to take care of a wife now. Can you give her to me?"

"Yes, with all my heart and my blessing, Fred Flame," said Mr. Grant. "You deserve her—you have the right to her, for you have her whole heart."

"Thanks, sir. I shall always seek her happiness above everything else," said our hero, and then he turned and kissed her again. Then the mother and daughter embraced and kissed and wept, and all were happy.

"Now, Grace, don't be foolish and put me off with a long engagement. There's no use in that. We will both be happier married. Name the happy day."

Grace blushed crimson, but the happy light in her eyes told him that she would be kind and accede to his wishes. She retired to consult with her mother. In a few minutes they returned and announced that in one month from that day she would be his. When the firemen heard of the proposed marriage, they insisted on being allowed to take a hand in it. Of course he could refuse them nothing, and great preparations were made to celebrate the wedding-day as they never celebrated before. The fireman took charge of everything, and began to run things to suit themselves. Grace was an honorary member of the company, and so they claimed the right to escort her to and from church. The march, for such it was, from the Grant cottage, was one continuous ovation. She and her bridesmaids were seated on the ladder truck, so imbedded in flowers that only the wheels were visible. The streets were lined with people who rejoiced in the happiness of the young couple. Hundreds of friends ran out into the street and threw bouquets of flowers at the bride and her maids.

Never in her life did Grace appear so beautiful. Her cheeks glowed, and her eyes beamed with a joyous love-light, which flashed brighter when she caught a glimpse of her hero standing at the church door waiting to receive her. The gallant firemen assisted her to alight, and then, followed by the maids, entered the church and marched to the altar. There the man of God soon pronounced the words that united them for life. As he kissed his bride and called her his wife, the choir burst forth in a joyous anthem, and all the fire-bells on the trucks and engines outside joined in. From the church the firemen escorted them to their new home, which Fred had prepared for him. There they left them to enjoy each other's love in the sacredness of home; and there we will leave them also, simply adding that children came to them, as well as wealth and happiness, as the years went by. He is now Mayor of Greystone, as well as one of the most respected citizens of the town.

Reader, my story is ended. The moral is: Courage, industry, and honesty invariably reward those who do right under all circumstances.

Next week's issue will contain "THE WHITE WIZARD OF THE BOWERY; or, THE BOY SLAVES OF NEW YORK."

Mrs. Higgler (leaving store)—Ha, ha! You bet I don't get left. I beat old Plusher down ten dollars on that dress. Plusher (proprietor of the store)—Ha, ha! You bet I know that woman. I marked that \$25 dress up to \$50, and then let her have it for \$40.

BOY SEES WITH PIG'S EYE

Alfred Lemonowicz of Lynhurst, N. J., in whose blind right eye parts of a pig's eye were transplanted, was able to distinguish light from darkness recently when the bandages were removed temporarily.

"Oh, doctor," he cried. "I can see a faint light! It is the first light I have seen in seven years."

Dr. Edward B. Morgon, his physician, warned the youth not to be too hopeful as at this stage it was difficult to say whether vision had been restored or not and he might be deceiving himself. Dr. Morgon was pleased, however, with his patient's condition and said he had every reason to believe that the operation might be successful.

GIRL BARKED LIKE A DOG

Until recently for ten months Sigrid Eklof, fifteen, and living at 4940 York Boulevard, Los Angeles, barked like a dog—so like a dog that dogs answered her. Technically, however, it was called a cough, but it kept canines answering back all night long. A sequel of the "flu," the bark refused to yield to any known form of medical treatment until seven weeks ago when her case was laid before Dr. Victor Parkin, psychiatry and neurology expert.

With his first treatment improvement was shown. A powerful emetic was administered. Its

mission was to remove "something like a plate" which the girl insisted was lodged near the diaphragm. The X-ray revealed no such foreign substance, but the emetic served to remove the "plate" from the patient's mind.

The girl, from wasting away, is now practically restored to normal weight and health.

SHIP VS. DOCK

The fact that the "Majestic," 915 feet long, had to go to Boston in search of the only dry-dock in the world capable of landing her suggests a further limitation upon the length of giant liners than had been visualized in the mere exigencies of ordinary pier service at the ends of trips. A British contemporary points out the further complication that, though another dock of sufficient length now stands on the Elbe, awaiting transport to a point where it can be used, there is no project under way to put it into service, since no British port has a place where it could be placed in service. The custom of two or three super-ships would hardly warrant the expenditure for a special dry-dock capable of serving them, and this is probably as good a reason as any why the tendency of present-day design is against such monsters as the "Majestic," "Leviathan," etc.

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The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

"At my house for the present," was the reply.

"I see one strong objection."

"What?"

"Miss Raeder knows perfectly well who I am."

"That amounts to nothing. A mere minor detail. Leave all that to me."

"Then there are plenty of people in New York who know Val."

"I understand differently. That there are comparatively few."

"I don't look the least bit like him."

"For the present you will keep away from New York. Later it can be arranged so that you can go and come there freely. I know all about you. I know that you are without family ties and can fall in with my plan without the least risk of discovery. Now for your answer."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"I don't like to suppose it. You are a young man of promise. It would be a pity. That's all I can say."

"In other words, refusal would probably cost me my life."

"I echo that sentiment, all but one word. I should cut out the probably. Come, decide. The offer will not be made again. It is up to you. Here, I'll put the situation in three words. Millions or death. Which shall it be?"

"My death can do Val no good," thought Jack. "It's a dangerous game, but I am going to play it for Val's sake."

"Millions," he said quietly.

"I thought so," chuckled Dubey, and he drove the car ahead at increased speed.

Was Jack tempted?

Not in the least degree.

Val's good was uppermost in his thoughts.

"Val is alive," he said to himself. "If he wasn't Dubey would come in for all. For some reason which I don't understand, this wretch thinks it necessary to let him live. If I can only keep in touch with Dubey I may learn the truth."

For a mile or two they ran on in silence. Then Dubey opened up and gave Jack his version of the troubles at the mine.

With this we have nothing to do, except to state that by the time he had finished Jack was more than ever convinced that he was in the hands of a merciless tyrant; a man who would stick at nothing to gain his ends.

He listened and assented to everything.

At last Dubey turned the car.

"You're the right sort, Jack," he said. "I can

see that we are going to pull together. Now I am taking you to my house by another road and you shall begin your career as a master of millions."

CHAPTER XI.

Jack and John.

Wondering what was in store for him next, Jack now began asking a few questions as to what would be expected of him in the immediate future.

"You are to remain here about a week or ten days," replied Dubey. "It will take me that long to lick matters into such shape that I can begin where I want to. Meanwhile make yourself comfortable, but don't attempt to interfere with anything."

"Don't I want a pass?" asked Jack.

"I thought I gave you both one. Use the one made out in your new name."

"I have none. The passes disappeared last night."

"Oh, did they?" replied Dubey, grimly. "Well, I must see that you get another. Take it easy. There will be enough for you to do shortly. Now let's talk of something else."

What he talked of was geology, explaining to Jack the formation of coal and displaying a knowledge which surprised the boy.

Another surprise came when all at once Jack found himself in Bloomsburg again. He had paid no attention to the direction they were taking and had thought nothing of it when they passed over Cross Creek by a rude bridge.

He was about to make some remark as to having been here before when suddenly another car appeared coming down the mountain road towards them.

It was driven by a young fellow of about Jack's own age, who occupied it alone, and as he drew near Jack perceived that it was Val's car, which had been taken away the night before.

"Ha!" exclaimed Dubey, "here comes our young friend Jack Torrance, Val. I don't have to introduce you. He will take you to my house, by the way. I have to go off in another direction. It will be some days before you see me again; meantime mind your eye, young man, and remember that any slip you may make may be bad for your health."

Both cars were stopped as they came abreast.

"Jack," called Dubey, "here's your friend Val. Take good care of him, my boy, for his sake and your own. You can go with Jack now, Val."

There was nothing for it but to obey.

Both cars were turned. Jack found himself running up Black Mountain with this stranger who was about twenty or twenty-one apparently. He was a dark young man with a strong face, of which the puzzled boy could make little. They had covered several miles before either spoke a word.

It was too oppressive. Jack was growing more nervous every moment.

"Come, let's get acquainted," he blurted at last.

"Sure," was the reply.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

THE SCIENTIFIC BLACKSMITH

John J. Martin of Terre Hill, Pa., is known to the horsemen of America as one of the most ingenious blacksmiths in this country. He has made a scientific study of the shoeing of horses, based on the anatomy of the animal. He has a cabinet, plush-lined and ornamented, in which he keeps some fifty shoes, duplicates of the ones he has made for famous horses.

BUILDS HOTEL FOR PIGS

A hog "hotel" with hot and cold running water, southern exposure and skylights for sleeping porches has been erected on his farm by James Dorsey, residing near Elgin, Ill. It was built to accommodate 500 pigs.

The building is of three stories and the apartments for the brood sows are built of steel. The dining-room is on the lower floor. It is equipped with steel troughs. The south side of the building is composed principally of glass. Forty acres surrounding the house are to be planted in alfalfa.

A BIG VALISE

To familiarize the country with the usefulness of a new product, a local plant at Edmonds, Wash., has manufactured a huge travelling bag which will be expressed from town to town for exhibition. To make the big valise required the skins of seven sharks. The finely tanned leather is trimmed with silver corners and buckles.

The bag is seven feet in length and five feet in height and would hold three trunkfuls of clothing and travelling necessities. It will be shipped from one city to another and shown along with other products of shark's leather.

NEW ARMY BULLET

The work of army experts since the war has produced a new bullet for use in rifle and machine guns which is expected to add enormously to the effectiveness of these weapons. The new bullet is known as a "boat-tail" because of a six degree taper at the tail. Exhaustive tests by the army have shown that the change in shape has given wings to their bullets, adding 1,400 yards to the maximum range attained and flattening the trajectory or arc of flight at 1,000 yards approximately 30 per cent.

In addition the army experts have worked out a new jacket for the bullets that virtually eliminates fouling of barrels.

Tests at the arms infantry school have fixed the maximum range of the new bullet at 4,800 yards as compared to 3,450 yards with the present ammunition. It also has been demonstrated that at 600 yards with the new ammunition it is possible to put every shot into a circle the size of a teacup as the "boat-tail" bullet is less subject to wind current deflection.

The army has in reserve a large store of war-time rifle ammunition which will be used up before any project of equipping with the new

"model 1922 E" boat-tail bullet ammunition is undertaken.

For war purposes officers believe the greatest advantage of the "boat-tail" will be in the increased range and effectiveness of machine gun fire. It means an increase of at least 30 per cent. in the deadliness of machine gun barrage fire because of the flatter trajectory alone.

With the present ammunition, firing at 1,000 yards, the bullet reaches an elevation of 182 inches. Translated into terms of danger to the enemy at the point on which fire is directed, this means that there is a space of 130 yards where no man on his feet would be safe, while with the present ammunition that space is 100 yards.

The tests showed that the new bullets could be fired at 1,000 yards into a six-inch bullseye. This compares to the accuracy of the old ammunition at about 500 yards. With this striking increase of accuracy at long range, the "boat-tail" development, it is said, means that the United States now has the means of laying down a machine gun barrage at a range no other power could equal.

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A Fight With Ferocious Malay Pirates

By HORACE APPLETON

I am only an old hulk now, my boys, with one mast gone and the other pretty shaky, stripped of all rigging and sails, and left stranded on the shores of time to decay, but time was—and ah, me! it seems but yesterday—when you could not find a smarter young fellow on a ship's deck than your humble servant, Ben Bennicle, if I do say it myself, who probably should not.

Man and boy, I have followed the seat over sixty years, and would be on it now if I was able, which, worse luck, I am not. Ah, boys! a sailor's life is a glorious one, and let others say what they like of it, I always liked the sea, and even its many perils had a fascination for me.

As a boy of twelve it was the same, and that explains why I ran away from home, where, at all events, I was not any too well treated, and did not care much when I left it behind me, and shipped at that tender age as cabin-boy on the bark Oriole.

I stayed with Captain Brown of the Oriole until I was able to join the crew as able seaman. He was a good, just man, but a strict disciplinarian and an excellent seaman.

It was when I was making my first voyage as A. B. (able seaman) on the Oriole that the adventure befell us which forms the subject of my story.

The Oriole was in the tea trade, plying between Hong Kong and London. She was a fine three-masted, clipper-built bark, and one of the best ships I ever saw.

It was a fine summer morning when we sailed down the Thames on our way to the "Flowery Kingdom," as China is called. The weather kept good all the way out, and we made a quick and safe run to Hong Kong, where we discharged our cargo and, taking on another, set sail for home.

As frequently occurs to seamen, our return voyage was not as pleasant as when we came out, the weather being most unfavorable, a succession of sharp storms striking our good ship and somewhat retarding our progress.

We were a week out from Hong Kong, when the squalls in question culminated in a very severe tempest, which struck the Oriole in the afternoon about two o'clock, quite suddenly, as common to the latitudes we were in—those of the China seas.

But our skipper was well posted about that cranky climate, where it is as pleasant as a May morning one minute and just the other way the next, and his keen eye saw the squall cloud the moment it appeared, dimly discernible on the distant horizon.

He had barely time to order the proper precaution to be taken and the vessel to be made all ready to meet the storm, when it came with full force; and lucky it was for the Oriole and every man on it that the ship had such a good skipper as Captain Brown that day, for had a less able man been in command, all hands would have been lost.

For two hours the tempest raged and the lightning was terrific, while the thunder crashed continuously, and the wind tore through the rigging like a cyclone, shrieking like a legion of demons, then it slackened, and suddenly the sky was as calm as a sleeping baby's face, and as if a storm had never occurred.

But, as I said before, that's the way in those foreign ports, and we were not much surprised thereat, but were surprised and disgusted at a most obstinate calm spell of weather that succeeded the storm.

But all at once a new danger threatened us, and it was again the keen eye of Captain Brown that foresaw it.

He was gazing through his telescope a long time before we noticed anything wrong, then he called his two mates, and pointing to an object barely discernible on the distant horizon, bade them look at it through the glass as he had done, and when they had done so, we saw that they were quite pale.

Then our skipper, mounting to the capstan, addressed us.

"My lads," he said, pointing with his spy-glass at the distant object, which had excited his alarm, "the object you see there coming toward us on the port bow is a proa full of Malay pirates, perhaps two or three of them. These waters swarm with the scoundrels, and after this I must arm the Oriole better than it is at present in order to cope with them, for they are enemies not to be despised. They are not men, but devils in the form of men, and fear neither man nor beast. Woe be unto us if we allow the wretches to overpower us. If you are not killed, you are dragged off to a life of slavery a hundred times worse than death. So I ask you to do all you can to resist the fiends. We cannot but give them battle; flight is out of the question, as they have cunningly taken advantage of this unfortunate calm. Oh! they are keen wretches, and as pitiless as they are keen."

As our skipper concluded, a ringing cheer greeted his words, and we rushed away to make preparations to give the pirates a warm welcome.

The sharp rascals had evidently sighted the becalmed vessel from a long distance, and thinking it excellent prey, put out to attack it.

It being the first voyage of the Oriole in these waters, her owners had overlooked the piratical character of the Malay inhabitants, and forgotten to arm the vessel in a better style than she had been. Although a first-class ship in all other respects, the Oriole was only provided with one cannon and a stock of muskets—all good enough weapons, but of a rather ancient make and pattern. Still our arms were ample and serviceable enough to resist the Malays.

When all our preparations were made to sweep the pirates, our skipper gave orders to conceal ourselves behind the bulwarks, so as to give the approaching rascals the idea that we were all unconscious of peril and might be caught napping.

We obeyed his directions, and breathlessly awaited the approach of the pirates, the captain having arranged to give us a signal that the Malays would be near, so that, like the Duke of Wellington's men when the glorious old soldier licked Napoleon at Waterloo, we could "up guards, and at 'em!"

It seemed an age to us hot-tempered youngsters before we heard the sound of the copper-faced rascals splashing gently with their oars quite close to the Oriole, and then the welcome signal from the skipper. The next moment a roar as of thunder shook the vessel as our old "long Tom" spoke with a jarring voice, and then a supplementary rattle of musketry, as a line of rifles along the side of the ship, with gallant sailors behind them, vomited forth their leaden contents on the heads of the piratical rascals below.

The latter were taken completely by surprise, and evidently had not bargained for such a warm reception.

The canoes, loaded with the Malays, had put off from the proa, which was a huge war craft, to bear down on the Oriole and board her, when we arose for the attack, and directing a solid shot into one of them, Sam Hawkins, our gunner, knocked it into a thousand pieces, swamping the rascally crew. We followed this excellent work up by pouring a murderous fire into the other boat, whose occupants were now endeavoring to rescue their drowning companions.

How they yelled and screamed with rage and chagrin, and how we cheered and shouted!

While the rascals in the sound canoe were busy saving their capsized companions, we had time to load and fire another volley, which effectually wrecked the remaining craft, plunging them into the water. They are a great race for swimming, as is natural enough, and so they struck out boldly to swim for and board us; but we easily beat the beggars off, and soon they succumbed and were drowned like so many blind kittens in a horse pond.

Meanwhile, the rest of the rascally pirates on the proa saw the ill success of the advance guard and grew frantic. We saw them screaming with rage and dancing about like so many mad creatures, and then we saw that they were running the huge, unwieldy craft alongside to board us. Before they could come too close, however, our guns again spoke, dealing death and destruction among the swarthy-hued rascals! and then, without giving them half a chance to renew their courage, we followed the broadside up with another. That settled it; the rascals concluded that they had made a big mistake, and taken the wrong pig by the ear, and indeed they had. They lost no time in getting away from such a tough customer as the Oriole, and never again troubled us; and next the bothersome calm lifted, and we resumed our voyage home, arriving safely.

DEPTH OF OCEAN TOLD BY ECHO

No longer will the sailor on the deep have to swing the lead and make soundings with a line to determine the depth of the sea if the invention just announced by the Navy Department for measuring depths by sound is as successful in routine practice as it has been declared to be in tests.

The device, invented by Dr. Harvey C. Hayes, physicist of the naval engineering station at Annapolis, sends a sound to the bottom and meas-

ures the time it takes the echo to come back. It is capable of use in all depths, from the shallowest to the deepest water and may be operated with such speed that a new sounding may be recorded every minute.

The navy destroyer Stewart was used in a test of the machine to chart the ocean from Newport, R. I., to Gibraltar. According to Dr. Hayes, whose cabled report to Acting Secretary Roosevelt of the Navy Department gave first information of the success of the test, the device registered automatically and instantaneously depths ranging from 2,400 to 28,000 feet.

Dr. Hayes, who is on his way back to make a detailed report, said the new depth finder had made it possible in the one trip to chart the topography of the ocean bottom between Newport and Gibraltar more thoroughly than had ever been done before. With its use, he said, the ocean bed can be described as accurately as any land surface and hitherto unknown holes and prominences recorded with photographic fidelity.

Secretary Roosevelt, who made public the cabled advices from Dr. Hayes, was enthusiastic over the possibilities of the invention. It may be used to advantage in laying cables, he thought, and he believed it possible that with refinements it would become possible for vessels using the device to determine their position by "landmarks" on the ocean bed without reference to astronomical calculations. It may be useful also in finding sunken ships.

"It bids fair to revolutionize piloting and navigation," said Mr. Roosevelt. "During the whole of the cruise the apparatus worked without apparent error. During the nine days of the voyage more than nine hundred soundings were taken at frequencies varying between twenty and two minutes. The ship's movements while steaming steadily at 15 knots were not interfered with except for two hours. During that period it was shown that successful soundings can be taken at intervals of a minute in the deepest water.

"The outline of the bottom of the sea over the course was minutely recorded between Josephine and Tysburg banks. The sea bottom there was found to consist of an extensive plane bordered by mountains and tablelands, some of which rose 4,000 feet above the plane. Several deep depressions, none of which is shown on charts, were also discovered. Positive depth data were secured where charts show only negative data in the vicinity of the Azore Islands."

The mechanics of the device are based on the well known speed of sound, and the invention lies in the method used to measure the time required for a noise generated on the ship to echo back from the ocean bottom.

"The sound transmitter used in connection with Dr. Hayes's device," said Mr. Roosevelt, "develops a high pitched note which carries a great many miles. The sound receiver is capable of receiving sound transmitter signals over great distances. The value of this receiving apparatus in locating light vessels and buoys equipped with sound transmitters is already known to the maritime world, though it has never before been used in connection with sounding the bottom of the sea."

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

HORN SOUNDS FOR 1,000 YEARS

Ripon, England, keeps up a custom 1,000 years old. Every night a "wakeman," attired in official costume, appears before the mayor's house and blows three solemn notes on the "horn of Ripon."

STONE MARKS THE LATITUDE

Almost hidden by trees and on a lonely road nine miles north of Eastport, Me., there is a marker on which are these words: "This stone marks latitude 45 north. Halfway from the Equator to the Pole, 1898."

DIG FOR GOLD ON DREAMS

Frequent dreams of Mrs. Katie Cruise and several conversations with a negro woman clairvoyant convinced negroes of Manhattan, Kan., that a pot of gold was buried in Mrs. Cruise's front yard.

Prospectors, after digging a forty-foot hole, struck water. The water was pumped out and digging resumed.

Many years ago negroes, seeking gold on the same spot, were frightened away by peculiar sounds after digging but a few feet.

LARGE CLOCKS

The clock in the British House of Parliament at Westminster was designed by Lord Grimthorpe (then E. B. Dennison) and was first set going in 1860. The tower is 320 feet high and the dials are 180 feet from the ground. Each of the dials is 22½ feet in diameter. The pendulum is thirteen feet long and weighs nearly seven hundred pounds, while the hour bell is known as "Big Ben," is nine feet in diameter and weighs thirteen tons, the quarter bells weighing collectively eight tons. The Westminster clock is probably the most powerful, as well as the most accurate of all the large clocks. It cost \$110,000. The famous Strassburg clock is thirty feet high and fifteen feet at base. The clock at Beauvais, France, weighs 35,000 pounds, includes 90,000 different pieces, and has about fifty dials. It is thirty-six feet high, sixteen feet broad, and nearly

nine feet deep. The largest clock in the United States is the one erected over the works of the Colgate Company, Jersey City. Its dial is thirty-eight feet across and it contains within its circle 1,134 square feet. The minute hand is twenty feet long and the mechanism is run by a two thousand pound weight. The clock weighs six tons. The second largest clock in the United States was built for the Edison Electric Company, of Boston, Mass. The dial is thirty-four feet in diameter; the hour hand is fourteen feet four inches long and the minute hand eighteen feet six inches long. Another large clock in the United States is that in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Building, Manhattan. It has four dials each twenty-six feet six inches in diameter and situated on each side of a tower nearly 350 feet above the street.

LAUGHS

The Judge—What proof have you that this chauffeur was intoxicated? The Country Policeman—He stopped his car at a crossing.

He—You are the embodiment of all that's beautiful and— She—What on earth are you talking about? He—Nothing on earth; I was speaking of a heavenly creature. (Cards.)

Willie—Papa, is it swearing to talk about old socks being darned? Papa—No, my son. Why? Willie—'Cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.

Anning—Has Badders made a success of the stage? Manning—Yes. He acted the part of butler so well in a play last winter, that he got a place in a Fifth avenue family.

High Jinks—Help, help! Cool, help! Mr. Cool—What are you kicking up such a row about? High Jinks—Don't you see how I'm fixed? Mr. Cool—Yes, but I never saw you in a hole yet you couldn't crawl out of.

Visitor—Aren't you glad you are a little girl? Little Girl—No; I'd rather be a little boy. Visitor—But little boys generally have to wear their father's leftover clothes. Little Girl—Mother is a suffragette, and she says pretty soon it won't make much difference.

A little Bangor boy surprised both his parents and his school teacher not a little recently while at dinner. He propounded the following scientific question to the teacher: "Which is the quickest, heat or cold?" The teacher was a little slow about venturing a reply, but finally said she thought heat was. "That is right," said the sharp youngster, "because you can catch a cold."

Countryman (on Broadway)—Say, p'liceman, kin ye tell me how to git to the Hoboken Ferry? Policeman No. 25791—Hoboken Ferry, is it? How did ye get into town at all if yez don't know where the Hoboken Ferry is? Oi've a moind to run yez in as a suspicious character thryin' to leave the State.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

MONGOOSE SKINS MAY BE VALUABLE

The Mongoose, introduced into Trinidad to destroy rats and snakes, has itself become a serious menace. Our Consul suggests that the many thousands of skins might be profitably utilized.

PLAN NEW MONORAIL ROAD

Another experiment with overhead monorails is to be made, according to the *Practical Engineer*. The French Ministry of Public Works has decided that an experimental line shall be installed in the Peronne district. The subject has been investigated by a commission, which issued a somewhat favorable report. If the experimental installation should prove successful it is proposed to provide a mono-railway between Paris and St. Germain. It is understood that the system is merely an aerial line carried on standards on which a car fitted with engine and propeller is mounted, and it is claimed that speeds up to 150 miles an hour can be reached.

RATS STOLE AN OKLAHOMA MAN'S SILVER

Pack rats have carried away two sets of silverware belonging to W. T. Winn, who resides about ten miles north of Watonga. The rodents carried a piece at a time. Winn says he knows rats committed the theft because during the night he heard them dragging the pieces across the floor. Upon missing the first set, after searching for the rats' nest in which the articles must have been hidden, Winn satisfied himself that his goods could not be found and purchased a new set of cutlery. Now his new set is gone. He says he heard the rats carry away the new silverware, a piece at a time, as they made away with the previous set.

COOKED FISH FROM AN ITALIAN LAKE

Quantities of dead eels, gray mullets, sea-bass and other fish have recently come to the surface of Lake Lucrin, near the north shore of the Gulf of Naples. Fishermen in the vicinity were delighted, especially as the fish appeared to be already cooked, but the authorities prohibited collection of the fish, fearing that they had been poisoned by an eruption of gases. It was these gases, the authorities explain, which, evidently coming from the bottom of the lake, made the water bubble and boil, thus killing and in a way semi-cooking the fish. Lucrin is a small lake said to have been formed by volcanic action in prehistoric times. It was well known for its fish in Roman times, and writers of antiquity extolled its oysters and mussels. Near this is the famous *Lacus Anemus*, regarded by the ancients as the entrance to the infernal regions.

EXPLORING BRITISH NEW GUINEA

A scheme is on foot to explore British New Guinea, the interior of the island never having been traversed by a white man. The *English Mechanic* has recently had some interesting particulars relative to this expedition, as follows: The aim of the expedition is to determine the

economic value of New Guinea to the Empire, and to add to the sum of scientific knowledge. It is hoped to send out an advance party to select a suitable harbor as a base of operations. For the main expedition the personnel will include experts in entomology, botany, geology, mining, engineering, anthropology, chemistry, archeology, tropical agriculture, and topographical surveying. The non-technical staff will number eight, but so exacting are the conditions that out of 714 applications, only three have been found to comply with them. The party will number 30 all told, with a police protection of 100.

A CAGELESS ZOO

Detroit is following the example of Rome in having a cageless "zoo." In the Detroit Zoological Society the animals will live, sleep and eat in the open. The limits of their domains will be marked by deep chasms of artificial rock, and if the lion or tiger jumps too far he falls to the pit below and is unable to get out. Experience has shown that after one or two such falls the animal cares little for a repetition of the experience. The size of these open spaces in the new zoo are to be, of course, governed by the habits of the animals and the distance they can leap. A tiger, it is said, will be given a space of about 40 feet; a lion 30 to 35 feet, and a bear a much shorter distance. The snakes and other reptiles which would crawl their way out of rock pits are kept in the usual manner. Credit for the innovation is due to Secretary of the Navy Denby.

KILL BULL MOOSE WITH CLASP KNIFE

The story of a canoeist's desperate fight in the water with an infuriated bull moose comes from Ontario. Dave Duke, a prospector known the length and breadth of the mining country, is the hero.

Duke was engaged with comrades in developing some claims and had occasion to paddle down the lake on which the party was camped. Rounding a point he came in sight of two bull moose engaged in combat. He was able to paddle quite close to the scene of battle without arousing attention, and then he sounded the coughing grunt of a moose to see what the effect would be. Both forgot their private fight and charged through the shallow water for the canoe.

Being unarmed, Duke started for open water with all speed. One of the bulls gave up the chase, but the other came driving on, bent on the destruction of the intruder. He was rapidly overtaking the canoe when Duke turned his canoe suddenly, evaded the oncoming animal, and as it surged past seized it by the long hair over the rear quarters. With the moose plunging violently to free itself Duke held fast with one hand while with the other he drew his clasp knife. He opened the blade with his teeth and plunged the full length of the blade into the animal's back several times, severing the spine. Then he righted the canoe and paddled back for help to obtain the meat.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—Quick sales, big profits, outfit free. Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our high class line of Pure Food Products, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, etc. Write today for money-making plans. American Products Co., 8459 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR SALE

LANDSEEKER'S opportunity awaits you in one of lower Michigan's best counties; 20, 40, 80-acre tracts; only \$10 to \$50 down; balance long time. Near thriving little city. Investigate. Write today for free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Company, M-1268 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE—Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Captain Wagner, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Hannibal, Mo.

PATENTS

INVENTIONS commercialized. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 229, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

WIDOW, 47, owns mines, wants husband. M-Box 263, Club, Zanesville, Ohio.

LOOK WHOSE HERE! Princess OKIE world famous horoscopes. Get your's today. Don't delay. Send full birthdate and 10c, K. Okie, 209 West 139th St., New York, N. Y.

GET MARRIED—Many worth \$1,000 to \$50,000 waiting chances. Particulars for stamp. Smith, Box 3125-K, Portland, Oregon.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses, 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265-R, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Write for big, new directory, with photos and description, free. National Agency, Dept. A, Kansas City, Mo.

ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LIFE'S STORY. Send birthdate and dime for trial reading. Eddy, Westport St., 33-73, Kansas City, Mo.

WEALTHY lady farmer, 35, wants to marry. N-Box 1134, Club, Detroit, Mich.

ATTRACTIVE young lady, worth \$25,000, will marry. Write (E-B), B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., 3R23, 122 Federal St., Camden, N. J.

MARRY RICH—Hundreds anxious. Description list free. Select Club, Dept. A, Rapid City, So. Dakota.

PERSONAL—Continued

LONESOME WIDOWS—Get busy, write me, marry wealthy. Mr. Hyde, Box 305, (166), San Francisco.

DO YOU WANT NEW FRIENDS? Write Betty Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

WEALTHY, attractive widow, 23, wants gentleman correspondent. F-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WHOM SHOULD YOU MARRY? We'll tell you. Send 30c and birth date to Character Studies, 1515 Masonic Temple, New York City.

MARRY: Thousands congenial people, worth from \$1,000 to \$50,000 seeking early marriage, descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

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MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 36, Kansas City, Mo.

WOULD you write a wealthy, pretty girl? (stamp) Lois Sproul, Sta. H, Cleveland, Ohio.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2923 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

IF LONESOME exchange jolly letters with beautiful ladies and wealthy gentlemen. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla. (Stamp).

WINTER in Florida. Write charming widow worth \$40,000. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

LONELY LITTLE FLAPPER, tired living alone, very wealthy, wants marriage. I dare you write! B-166, Mission Unity Club, San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp please).

SONGWRITERS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We compose music. Submit your poems to us at once. New York Melody Corporation, 405 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

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TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., PC, Baltimore, Md.

A MUUSICAL BURGLAR

Police are seeking a musical burglar who during one week looted at least seven exclusive Chicago residences of thousands of dollars' worth of jewels, bric-a-brac and money, after first lulling suspicions of neighbors by his rare pianistic technique.

The burglar displayed a large artistry both as a musician and a burglar, according to detectives who investigated his depredations. He cut small holes in glass door panels and jimmied locks with a regard for the woodwork. At one home he played a score from "Rigoletto" and obtained \$700 worth of valuables. At another he rendered a pleasing portion from "La Traviata" and selected with the taste of a connoisseur \$1,500 worth of heirlooms and jewelry. In a third home "Aida" was the accompaniment as he helped himself to a collection of costly ornaments. "Il Trovatore" and an improvisation of exceeding promise marked the theft of \$1,000 worth of gems at another home.

The burglar sang from "Pagliacci" in a rich, well-modulated baritone as he chose from a collection of rugs, antiques and jewels at two apartments.

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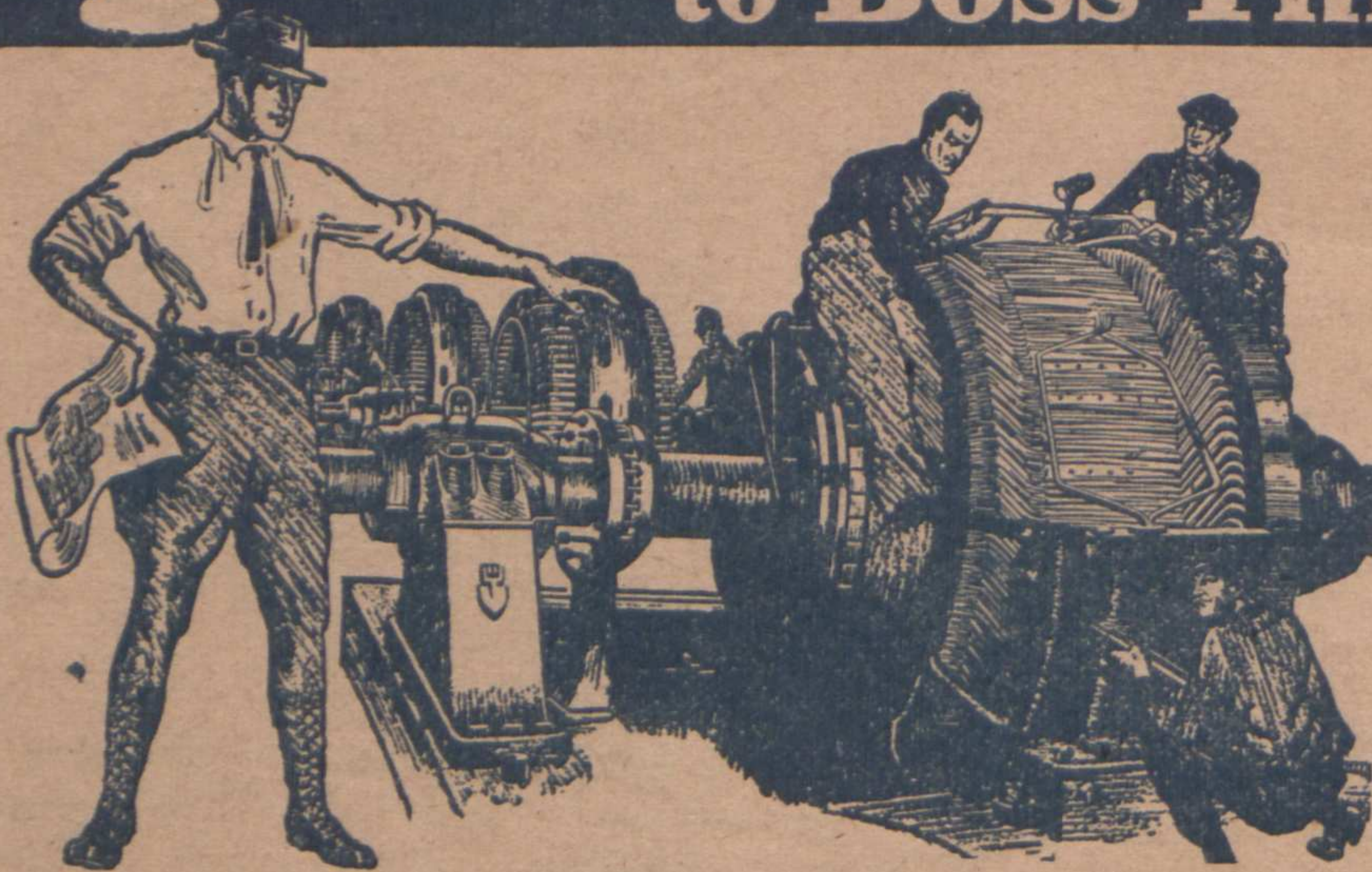
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